

# SALTUS

## 1984





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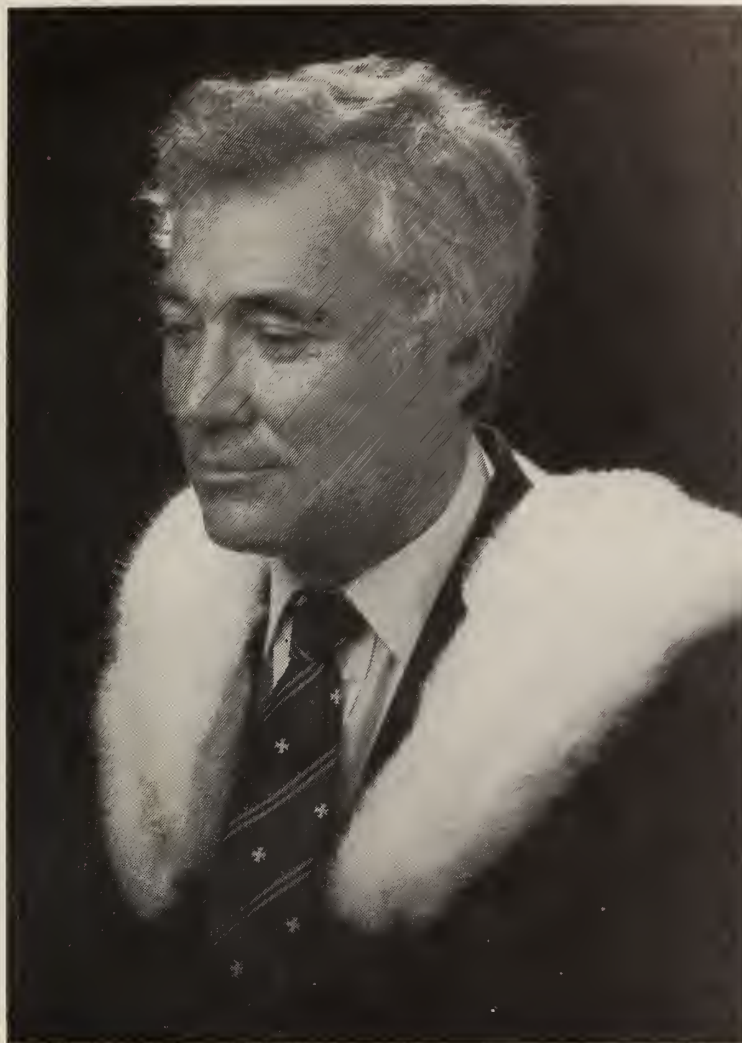
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# FROM THE HEADMASTER



By the time you read this our fund raising campaign for \$750,000 with a challenge goal of \$1,000,000 will be almost over and I have no doubt that it will have proved successful, for Saltus clearly has all the necessary ingredients for that success.

Possessed of a rich heritage, we continue to foster those traditional values and qualities of mind, character and spirit that are the hallmarks of a fine education and, as our results in external examinations during the past five years prove, we are currently at the leading edge of academic excellence in Bermuda. The calibre of the students we produce is well known, and it is recognized that an investment in Saltus is an investment in the future of Bermuda.

In addition, we have a clearly definable need. Deterioration of our older school buildings must be checked soon if we are to fulfill our responsibility to future generations and hand them down a physical plant that will withstand the ravages of time. Also our Scholarship and Bursary Fund must be put on a sound footing whilst further development of our Senior Year Programme, currently planned, must not be inhibited by lack of classroom space.

But most importantly, we have a constituency who, though disparate in many respects, are united in their loyalty to the school and in their concern for its welfare, both present and future. Staff, Students, Parents, Friends of the School, Old Boys and Trustees will all have played their part in contributing, thoughtfully and proportionately, to our needs. I thank them all.

Headmaster's Office  
June, 1984

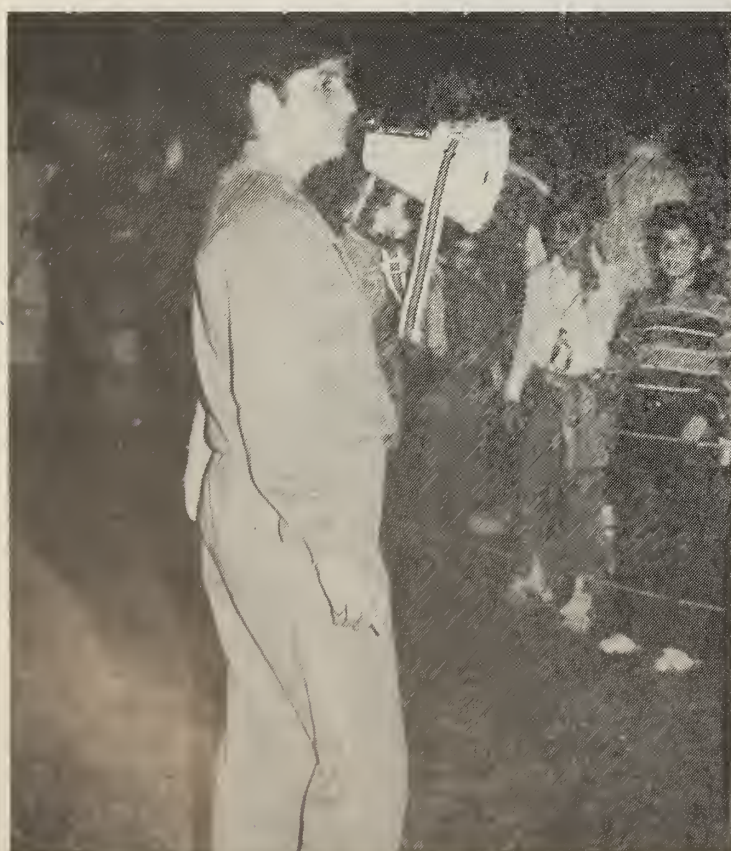
# Cavendish Preparatory



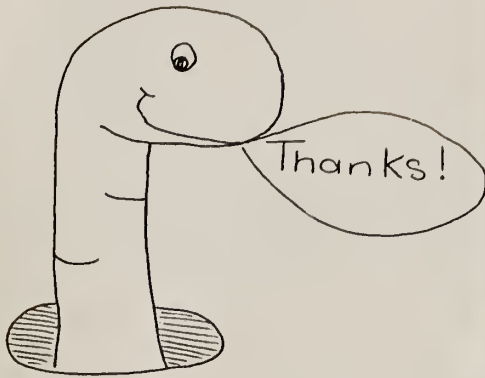
## Preparatory School Staff

(From left to right)

Mrs. J. Beard, B.Ed.  
Mrs. S. Bacon, B.A.  
Mrs. P. Sampson  
Mrs. K. Walker  
Mrs. M. Hopkins (Head of Department)  
Miss W. Thompson  
Mr. R. Meredith, B.A.  
Mrs. M. Draycott  
Mrs. B. Jennings



*"Look Lively There!"*



*Olga and Goldie (1S) thank Mr. and Mrs. Parkin (Pic-A-Pet) for their new water bottle.*

*"Thank You" to Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne for Class 2D's guinea pigs.*



*"We love our new fort. Thank you Mr. Trimingham and Mr. Brown!"*

To Mr. & Mrs. P. Green for donations towards play equipment and computers.

To Mr. & Mrs. R. Henagulph for donating a Printer for our computers.

To our wonderful Class Mothers: Mrs. Charron (Co-ordinator); Mrs. Davidson (1B); Mrs. Dallas (1S); Mrs. Swain (2B); Mrs. Smith (2D); Mrs. Fagundo (3T); Mrs. Taft (3M) and to all the other super Mums who have given their help and support throughout the year.

## PEARLS OF WISDOM!

Conversation overheard by Mrs. Beard.

George: "What's that book?"

Mark: "It's Mrs. Beard's gym book of course can't you see... it say's, Exercise Book!"

Group of boys looking at the excavating in progress during a tour of the Old Devonshire Church grounds.

Pointing to a large hole made for new graves... "Is that for Canon Nisbett's new swimming pool?"

Argument between Saltus boy age 5 and Mount Saint Agnes girl also age 5.

Kevin: "My school is better than yours."

Melanie: "No it's not, mine is better because it has a Jesus."

Kevin: "Well my school has a Jesus too."

Melanie: "My school is still better, it has a Jesus and a Mary."

Kevin: "My school has a Jesus but not a Mary because I go to an all boys school."

– End of argument.

Grant: "Mrs. Beard, will you still remember me in a year?"

Mrs. B.: "Of course I'll remember you Grant."

Grant: "But in a whole year... are you sure?"

Mrs. B.: "Yes Grant I'm really sure."

Grant: (grabbing my hand and looking earnestly into my eyes) "... but will you still remember me in TEN years?"

Mrs. B.: "Grant, how could I ever forget you?"

Grant: "Well, Knock, Knock!"

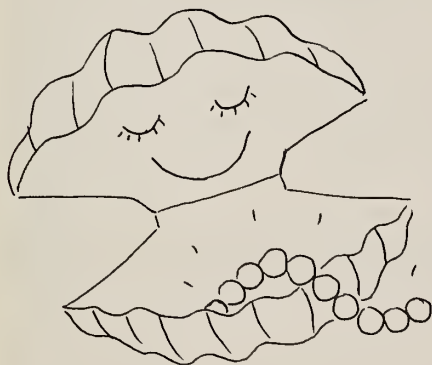
Mrs. B.: "Who's there?"

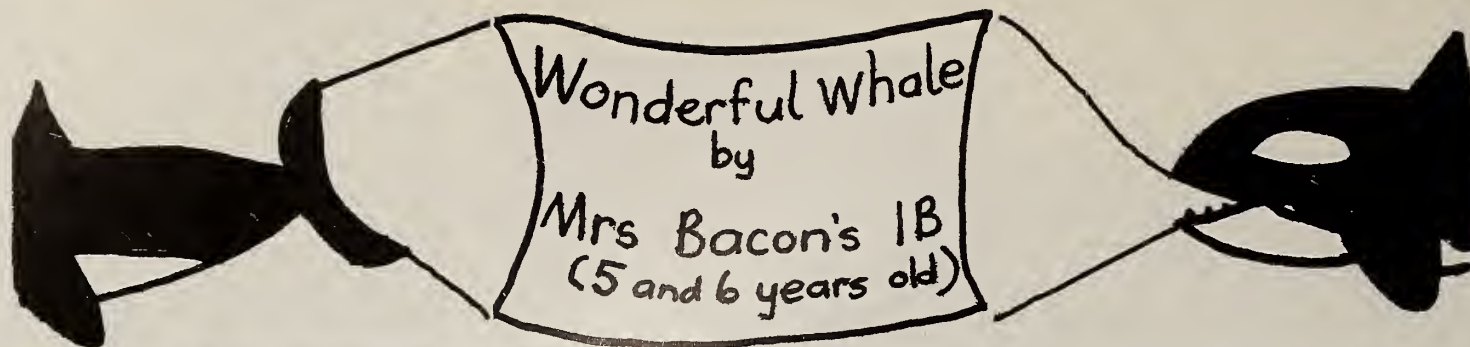
Grant: "SEE!! You've forgotten me ALREADY!"

Exit one delighted boy/one speechless teacher!

(Conversation between two 5 year olds)

"You can't marry your sister – you'll get handicapped babies!"





*We made models of 10 different types of whales.*

#### **Original Whale Stories**

(They boys' own spelling has been left in)

I am a humpback and I swiam in the cold water and I lik to jum in the water.

— William Farge

I am Treadwell the sperm whale and I eat fish. I com up to the srfs to bref.

— Treadwell Tucker

I am Daniel the killer whale. a whaleig ship cam. I swam dep. then the divr of the whaleig ship cam. I swam dipr.

— Daniel Frith

I am Colin the pilot whale. one day a storm bloo up. I swam deep too get away from the storm. I swam into a cav. a see monstr fritin me away.

— Colin Evans

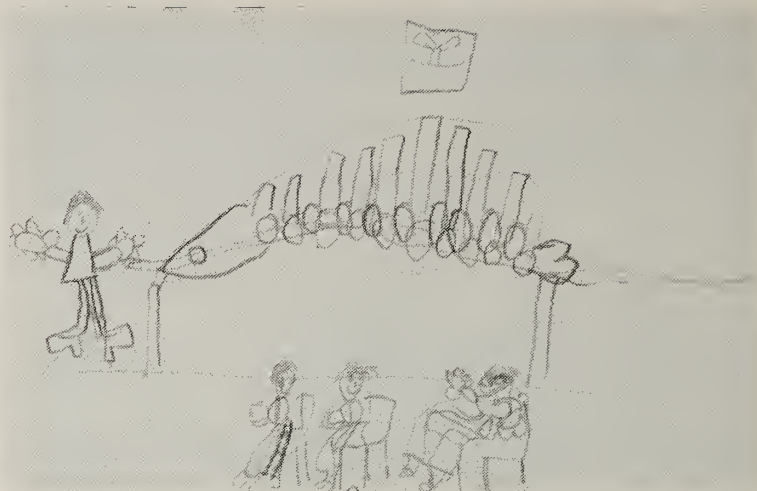
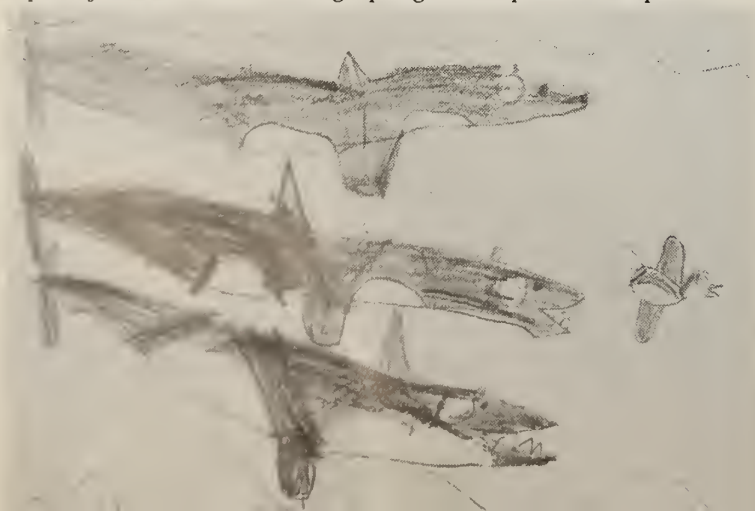
I am James the killer whale. I eat fish and penguins and sels and I am black and white.

— James Spearing

I am a sperm whale. I liv in the coold watr. I wuns saw a divr. He trid to kill me but I swam away very fre (far).

— Justin Hamill

*A pod of killer whales chasing a penguin... Spencer Chapelle.*



*At the Aquarium we put together the skeleton of a cuvier-beaked whale... Justin Hamill*

#### **Stories written after a visit to the Whaling Exhibit at the Aquarium on 25th May, 1984**

We went to the Aquarium to see the whale asibit (exhibit). I went in Mrs. Bacon car to see it. we saw a film about the right whale, how they live. we went into the Museum with Mrs Martin and we went in a ruem with Mrs Rand. we made a whale skelitin.

— James Spearing

I went in my car and we went to the Aquarium. we went into the Museum and we saw a film. The film was abawt the right whale. the right whale can do tricks in the water. we also bilt a skelit of a cuvier beaked whale

— Justin Hamill

I went to the Aquarium. We met Mrs Rand and Mrs Martin and they shod us a film and we did a skltin and Mrs Martin tuk us to the Museum

— Andrew Shailer

I went to the Aquarium. I saw a film. it was a right whale film. then we went to the Museum. a hrpun wus there and the Mrs Rand shod a rop.

— Garrett Moore

I went to the Aquarium with my mummy and Mrs Bacon. I saw a film about a right whale. then we put sum bonz on a pol.

— Ricky Carruthers

I went to the Aquarium with my clas and we saw Mrs Rand and Mrs Martin and theay shod us a film aboot a right whale. they shod us the museum. we poot a sketin together

— Colin Evans



Our whale models won a special award at this year's Agricultural Show. Photograph courtesy of Chris Barnard, Royal Gazette.

### All whales ... some whales

(stories dictated to Mrs. Bacon by the boys)

All whales have blubber.  
All whales spout.  
All whales have warm blood.  
– Jimmy Anthony

All whales spout.  
Some whales eat fish.  
All whales swim in the sea  
– Kyle Parkin

All whales have flippers.  
Some whales eat fish and  
Some whales eat krill.  
– Paul Charron

All whales spout because they  
have to breathe air.  
– Michael Rand

All whales have flukes to push  
them through the water.  
– Scott Constable

Some whales eat fish.  
Some whales get captured by  
men in long boats.  
– John Dunford

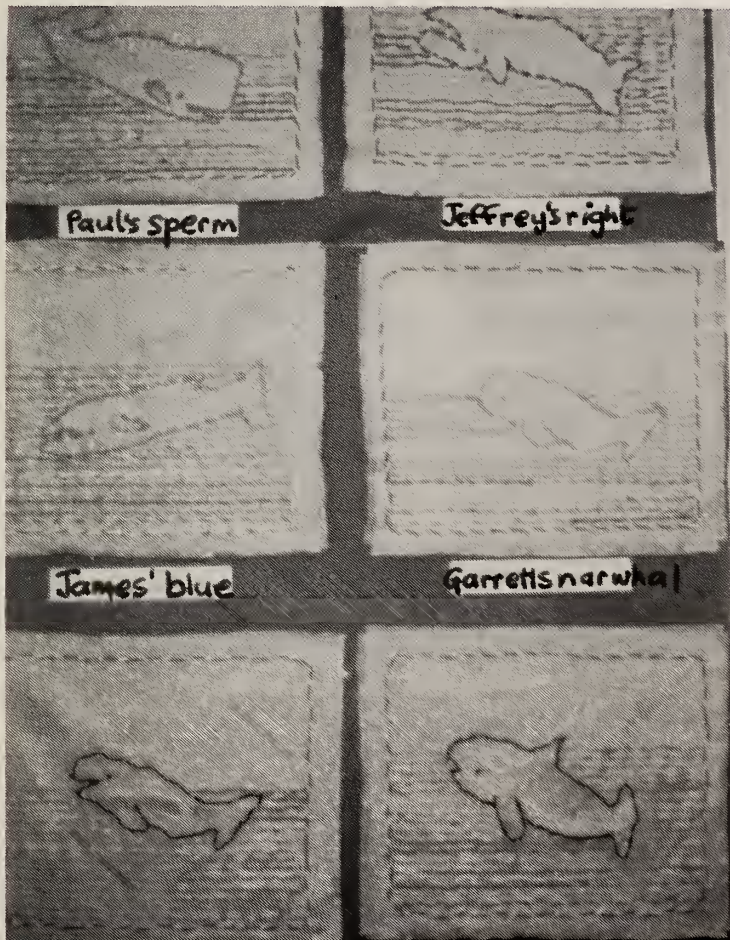
Some whales eat krill.  
Some whales eat fish.  
All whales play in the sea.  
– Matthew Smith

All whales spout because  
they have to breathe air  
– Taran Card

All whales are mammals.  
The breathe air.  
– Robert Swainson



A whaling ship with harpoon ready... Rayo Rahul.

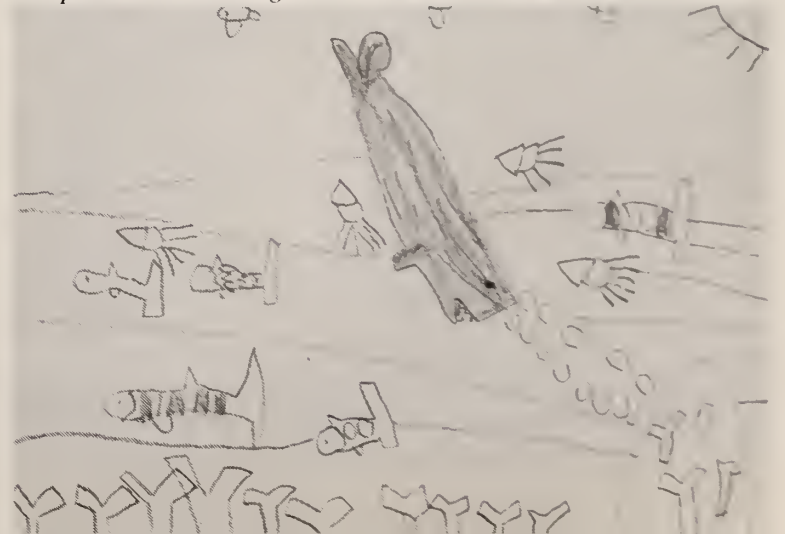


We sewed pictures of the different whales.



A blue whale feeding on krill... William Farge

A sperm whale using echo-location... Colin Evans



# MRS. SAMPSON'S 1S

## The Vikings Are Coming!

The boys' phonic spelling has been left in.



Three Fierce Vikings!

"A Viking House"  
by Justin Browne



### The Vikings

The Vikings liv'd in Scandinavia. They went to utha cuntrees.  
They stol pepl and horsis and pigs. — Marc Daniels

The Vikings went to utha cuntrees they livd in Scandinavia  
— Craig Brown

A Viking is a vere good fitr and livd in Scandinavia they  
stol pigs horsis pepl and tresa — Andrew Frith

In Scandinavia the Vikings were good fitrs. evreebodee was  
scard uf them. — Jon Legere

The Vikings atakd men and mommys and boys and they livd  
in Scandinavia and they had animals. They had shields and  
swords to stab wiv and the shield is sow theyw ill not get stabd.

— Charles Andrew Ho

The Vikings stol food and pepl and animls and they wur  
good fitus. — Sam Fraser-Smith

The Vikings had shields and swords they are good fitrs and  
farmrs. They stol food and the Vikings come from Scandinavia.

— Brian Center

The vikings were vere good fiters and they stoold pepel,  
tresher and anamols. The Vikings lived in Scandinavia. For  
part of the yere they were farmers and for the rest of the  
yere they went out in their longships. — Stephen Fahy

The Vikings stol chesur and pepel and the Vikings livd in  
Scandinavia. The Vikings have a sword and shield.

— Damian Simmons

### Viking houses

The Vikings livd in one big house. They have several famlis.  
They did weving, spining, sleping and cooking in one house.

— Hywel Brown

The Viking houses had a rof like longships. They mad food  
and lofs and bunz. They wevd and spind and cookd. They  
sleped in the longhouse. — Brian Center

The Viking homes were coverd with mud and grass and they  
looked like the longships and some houses were calld  
longhouses and they were made from wood. and in the  
longhouses they were weving, sleping, eting and spining and  
ushly ther wood be some famlys living in the long houses.

— Stephen Fahy

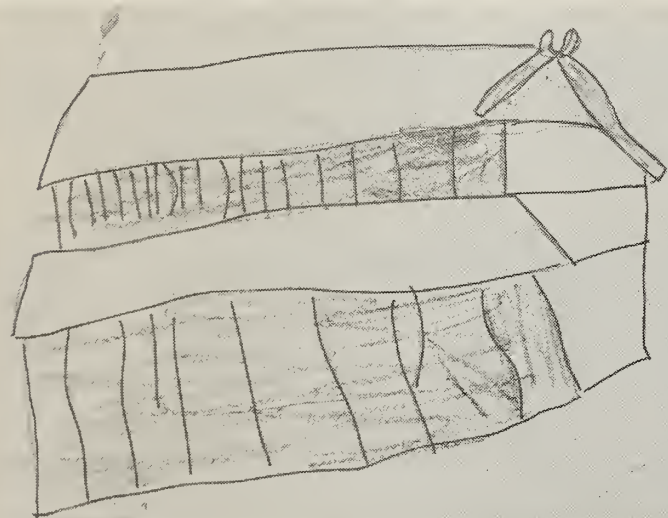
The Vikings had a house calld a longhouse and the house  
was mad of wood and they had a lot of famlis in won house.

— Justin De Costa

The Viking house wus mad of wud and beams and durt  
— Andrew Greetham

Here is a Viking house and one of the houses was calld a  
long house and sevrsl famlees livd in the house and they  
did kuing and eting and sleping.

— Mark Jones



"A Viking House" by Alexander De Campos Guerra.

### Whaling

The Vikings cot weyls and they mad the fat out of candls  
to see wif and they went in ther litl boats and they had no  
helmits but they had spirs. — Charles Andrew Ho

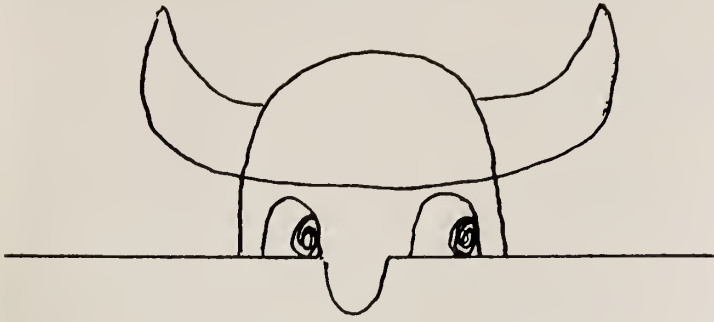
The Vikings cot wals and they ate them. They made the fat  
into candls so they cod see weir they are gowing.

— Brian Center

The Vikings were good walers. They used spers and swords.  
They ate the whals and used the fat for canduls, and they  
used smallr boats. — Brian Dodwell

The Vikings were good whalers. They ate the whals and  
they used the fat for candles, and they killed the whals with  
spirs and they used smaller boats. — Daryl Fubler

The Vikings huntid whels in smallur boats and made candols  
out of whel fat and they killd the whels with swords and  
spirs and had ors to row. — Mark Jones



## Viking Burials

They berid a chif with his favrit dog and his favrit hors and his sword and shield.

– Craig Brown

The Vikings graves were called bereall mawnts wen the chefe dide they put him in a big big hole and they put his favret dog, hores, sword, shield and tresher, food and spers and ther helmits in ther graves. Wen the pepell came they dug into the bereall mawnt and some pepell fawnd the jewlery. Wen the pepell were riche they fawnd riche stuf. They fawnd a belt bukell and a pin and some tims a brouch. Ushley the bereall mawnt was like a little mountin wen the chef was in the grave he had his cloths on and the wood rot away. Some pepell fawnd some cloths that had not rot away yet. Some pepell dug up a viking ship that had broken.

– Stephen Fahy

The Viking was bered in a hol with his sword and helmet and his spir and shield. He was bered in the longship.

– Stephen Oughton

The Vikings put in the chefs grav his best dog and horse and sword and shield. They dug a big hole to fit in the longship. They beryed the Vikings with their clows on and the clows did not rotid away.

– Brian Dodwell

The Beryal mauns wood have the Viking in it with his clows on him and his shield and sword to and spir, allso his favrit dog.

– Simon Faires

The Vikings baryed their men in beryals. Then some peopl dug them up and wen they dug them up they fund some people and thir swords and spires and their shields. And they dug a big hole to pot the big longship in and they killed their dogs and their horses and some times their not inportint mem were beryed in small ships and they did not use longships.

– Daryl Fubler

The Viking was bered in a longship with food and a sword and a shield and his favrit dog and his favrit hors and his clos.

– Andrew Greetham

## Farming

the farming was very hard becus the soil was very poor and they went out for put of the year to other cuntrees.

– Simon Faries

The Viking farms wer smol. They grow apples, nuts, bulley and the soyl wos por and the farming wos very hud.

– Jonathan Andrew

In Viking farms it was hard to grow food for their famly. They had poor soyl so they didnt have minerrals and they worked hard.

– Daryl Fubler

## Longships

The Vikings had shields rownd the sids ov ther longships and they had a big sayl and they ushalee had ors.

– Hywel Brown

Sum tuyms they had dragin heds on the longships and they had big seyls and they had shields on the sides.

– Kevin De Silva

Longships had shields rownd the sides and they offin had dragin heads to skire peopl away. Viking long ships had a big seyl.

– Brian Dodwell

The Vikings had ors on ther longships and they had sayls and the longships were mad uv wood.

– Justin De Costa

The Vikings had a ship calld the longship they seyld acros the sea to ingland and to uthar cunchtrees. They stold food and peepl and anaml.

– Mark Jones



The Class made a Viking Frieze.



"A Viking Longboat" by Nicali Lambert.



A Longship" by Wolde Maryam Place.

# MRS. BEARD'S 2B

*We studied ships and boats through the ages.*



*We all made models of many different types of ships and boats. Here are some ship builders with their galleons.*

## A Day in the Life of a Sailor

I want to be a sailor. I went on the sailing ship. I was on a ship that we have now. The captain gave me a job. The job was to go up the rigging and we had to put down the anchor. Then there was a bad storm. I had to put down the sails. After the storm the sun came out. I put the sails up again.

— Daniel Graham

In 1984 a man named Adam Davidson said I had to get a crew because he would give me two bags of shillings just to deliver some thing to two other places. To get to the places we had to ask a man, can we use his Galleon. Monday we had a look around and I bought the Galleon and on Friday we went off. Half of the crew had to sleep up stairs on the deck, the other crew slept downstairs. In the morning we went to a place and then we went back. Adam Davidson gave me and my crew the money. The crew got one bag of shillings and I got the other bag of shillings.

— George Swan

If I were a sailor in a sail boat I would go far a way to sea and sail in my sail boat with my friends. It will be fun when you get used to it. You have to start by the shore, if you ask some one nice he might push you in the water, it will be nice when you really get used to it. You will love the part at sea. It is dandis for kids, only men can do it and some times women can sail. In sail boats you have to practice a lot, you need water for a sail boat. It is nice for children to look at the sail boats but only men and women can do it.

— Gerren Daniels

If I lived on a sailboat and drove it I would have a good time and if I was in a sail boat race I would try to win in it. If I did do it, I would be so happy that I got the biggest trophy and I would put it in my office.

— Brian Smack

On day I was walking and I said, I want to be a sailor and my name was D.O. I saw a ship and It needid a working man and I got the job and the hardist work was hoisting the sails but thats all that I did for the day.

— David Outerbridge

## Custodio de Mello

Last week we went on a Brazilian ship. We took cars. I went in Mrs. Swains car, when we got there we saw fruit and vegetables. When we went up the gang plank we looked at pictures and a sailor was called Pallo he shoed us a radar and I saw something like gold but it was brass, it was very shiny the sailors poleshed it 3 times a day and I saw a circle with a H in it. It was for people to land.

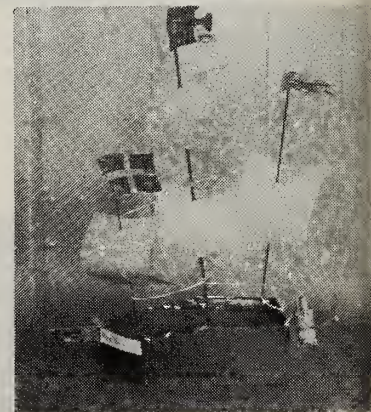
— Cameron Snaith

On Friday the 4th of May we went to a Brazilian Ship and our sailer was Paulo and he took us to the captins room and he shoed us the radar. I saw the crows nest and I wanted to go up in the crows nest but he said no and then we looked at the pictures of Brazil and they were buteeful and then we heard the band play.

— Mark Moran



*All aboard!*



*A galleon.*



*A Tall ship By Jason Hollis.*

# 375<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY YEAR

*For our contribution to the Parish celebrations we delved into the history of Devonshire Church. Here are some of the boys own reports.*

## Devonshire Church

Years and years ago in Devonshire, 360 years ago there was a church being built and its name was Brackish pond Church. William Cavendish owned the land and asked some people to help build the church and the roof was made out of palmetto leaves.

– Jeremy Loomis

Before the Church was built men used to meet under the shade of a giant cedar tree. It was the biggest in Bermuda. It was blown down in a hurricane over 50 years ago. They used the wood to make special church furniture and the bell was melted down to make hinges for the new church doors.

– Britten West

Years ago there was a hurricane and most of the churches were damaged but Brackish pond church was not damaged. Then came another hurricane and Brackish pond church fell down. Then they said themselves we will make another church. This time they made it with brick walls and they made a stone slate roof. There was a lot of grass and palmetto and cedar trees around Brackish pond church. It was a good church and it looked nice.

– Nigel Swain

The people had decided to rebuild the church and this time they built it stronger. All the walls were made of Bermuda stone and it had a slated roof. Each family in Devonshire had to send a worker to help and if they didn't they had to pay a fine of about 8¢.

– Kenny Robinson

Old Devonshire Church doesn't have an altar it has a communion table. They moved it from the middle of the church to make more room. They had to put the table in front of the old door and they blocked up the door. A man called Juistice Shelock was very mad and he said "I will never come to this Church again," and you know what he never did!

– Mark Moran

In 1728 a man named William Savage said can I have this Church as a school. They said yes but they said you have to give us \$50., but the kids did wreck it so he had to go. In 1737 a man came his name was Jonathan Tucker and he said can I have this Church as a school if I do any repairs. The kids did to much damage so he had to leave.

– Charlie Judd

In 1828 yrs ago in old Dvonshire Church they wontid a organ and they went to Canada for a organ and they found on in St. Pauls Church and it was the first Organ used in America. They built a gallery for it it has a wooden railing around it and they liked the music.

– Cameron Snaith

Yesterday we went to Church. First we looked at the tree planted by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the rock. Mrs Beard read the rock. Then we had a picture and went into the church with Canon Nisbett. Then Canon Nisbett showed us the cup and the chairs and I looked at the pews and I knocked on the door. We went outside and we saw the old hearse.

– Trevor Hedges



*Our Visit to Old Devonshire Church by Charlie Judd.*

## If I Were...

I am a fish. I was playing with my friends. I saw a worm and I started swimming to the worm and I bit the worm and I chewed it, and the worm was gone. Ouch! they pulled me up into the boat. I cuident breathe then they put me back. yippee I am back in the water, but I am not eating no more worms!

– Jimmy Holder

I am a tyre. I got flat by runing over a rock. It punctured my skin but my master took me home and put tape over the hole in my skin then he put me back on his bike and went riding. Even thoe he had gone riding again I was happy.

– Kenneth Robinson

Once upon a time I sat in an egg box. I sat looking at the fire and watching the butter melt in the pot. The lady cracked my shell. I was scared to deth and she put me in the pot and I got hard and I found it hard to talk. She cut me up. It is a hard life!

– Kevin Young

*2B at Hamilton Fire Station during Fire Prevention Week 1983.*



# MRS. DRAYCOTT'S 2D

School Visits are fun.



*A visit to the Carriage Museum.*

We went to the Carriage Museum. At the carriage museum we saw a man called Mr. Frith. Some of the carriages were called thees names Brougham, dogcart, St. George's Hearse, St. David's Hearse, vis-a-vis Victoria. I went in my mummy's car. We had a nice time then we went to the park then we went back to school.

– James Elliott

On Wednesday we went to the carriage museum. We saw a carriage with a brake and there was a carriage with stairs and then we went upstairs and we saw a carriage made of wicker. It was called the Governess cart.

– Lars Simmons

We went to see the horses at Lee Bow stables and we rode in my Mummy's car to it and Mr. Joyce took out 3 of the horses and showed the horses front and back teeth. Mr. Joyce tried to make Sadie laugh and Jean-Paul gave me some apples to give to Whisky to eat every Wednesday I go to Lee Bow stables.

– Ryan Sommerville

One day we went to see Mr. Pacheco ploughing the field and Sandpiper was his horse and we listened to what he said and he said some interesting things that we understood. The horse got a apple every time it went up to the end were the bushes are burnt and Sandpiper got the apple and Mr. Pacheco had to say whoa and then Sandpiper wood sometimes stop but one time he was naughty and dided stop.

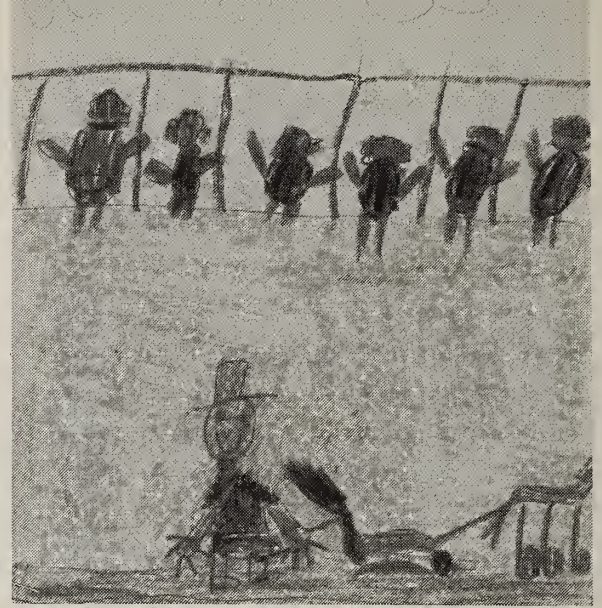
– Jean-Paul Dyer

I went in my mummy's car. We were the first ones ther wen we got there we looked at three nice horses and one of the horses felt like silk. Thats the one I liked best after that we came back to school and then I got to go over Lars house and it was a very nice day.

– Richard Pereech

We walked to Mr. Terceira's. On the way we saw some comes. The farrier was by the fire. When the horse-shoe came out of the fire part of it was red. Ther was one clip on the front shoe and two clips on the back shoe. The other man put the shoes on the horse then we saw the horses in the stables. We saw Garfield, Buddy, Pingk Paint and Melody. Then we went back to school.

– James Elliott



*Watching Mr. Pacheco – Lars Simmons.*

On Thursday 10th May my class and I went to the Fire Station. I went in Mrs. How's car. When we got there Chris showed us a T.V. which the firemen could see where the fire is, and after that we went to look at the fire engines and after that we went up a flite of stairs. When we got ther Chris showed us a movie about donald Duck and his nefues Huey, Duey and Luey. When they brought a map of Donald he didn't listn He thort he wood never have a fire but his conscience told him to pin the map up so everyone could see it, and no one would be burnd in a fire

– Erik Jensen



*At the Fire Station – Niel Jones.*

We saw the umbrella players. There were four of them, two women and two men and I liked when the man balanced everything on his nose and we saw a game called what makes me angry and what makes me angry is when some won calls me names like fat face.

– Ian Smith



*We planted flowers for Mothers' Day.*

## We studied transport and...



... made different kinds of vehicles.

## Easter is exciting.

Once upon a time on a fine sunny day a little bunny was hopping through the forest when a big bunny came along. the big bunny said what a nice little bunny for the Easter bunny. the little bunny was very happy. the big bunny took the little bunny to the palace of the bunnys for he was the king of the bunnys. the palace was filled with Easter eggs. When the night came the big bunny gave her the best Easter egg. it was half silver half gold half green, and a bag of other Easter eggs. Then in one jump she was gone. When she had delivered all the Easter eggs exept the best she delivered it and went home.

– Jeremy Hammond

Wun day Easter Bunny had to get sumbody to giv his Easter eggs to pepol. He fownd sumbody but he was bad. Easter Bunny did not no he ate all of the eggs and all of the pepol were sad and then Easter Bunny came back and he fitid him and then he went out and got mor eggs and he gave them to pepol and they were all hapey and so was he and then he livd haply ever after.

– Daniel Greenslade

One day a man was helping the Aster Bunny find his eggs. The bad Easter Bunny had got them. I saw the bad Easter Bunny peek out from behind a tree. I told the good Easter Bunny he had got them. I ran after the bad Bunny but he got away. The bad Easter Bunny threw the Easter eggs into the pond. I tied him up and jumped into the pond and got the eggs. Then we went to the good Easter Bunny's hut and I took the bad Easter Bunny's mask off. It was a man that was helping the Easter Bunny find his eggs. he was put in the cellar. I helped the Easter Bunny give out the eggs to boys and girls. They left five carrots for the Easter Bunny and we left 4 Easter eggs for all the boys and girls in the world.

– Mark Lomas

## We use our imagination.

One Saturday my mummy took me to a shop we had to buy a carpet for my room. I wanted a black one so my mom got it for me. then we went home and I went to my room and shut the door and laid the carpet on the floor. Then I laid on top of it and said its just like a magic carpet, then the carpet flew out the window and then I knew it was now a real magic carpet and I commanded that I shoold go to some woods at once I was in the woods at first I saw chipmunk crunching away a tree then I walked along then i looked down a slowp where a monkey had a banana in his hand and was climbing down the tree. When he got to the bottom he peeled off the skin then I came to a pond then I saw five frogs in the pond then a snake swam after the frogs. Then with a splash one of the frogs was gone. Then in my head I could hear my mother saying my name so I got on my carpet and set off bach home I would never again lay down on the black carpet.

– Niel Jones

I bought a carpet at a store. Then I laid it out and then I sat on it and said Abracadabra. And then the carpet lifted off in the air. Then I said go to New York and the carpet did it. I flyed to New York for real man, and I spent ten

weeks and when ten weeks were over I got my bag and unpacked the carpet and then I said the magic word and then it started home and when I got home I hid the carpet. I may go to New York again. I or you probly do not know.

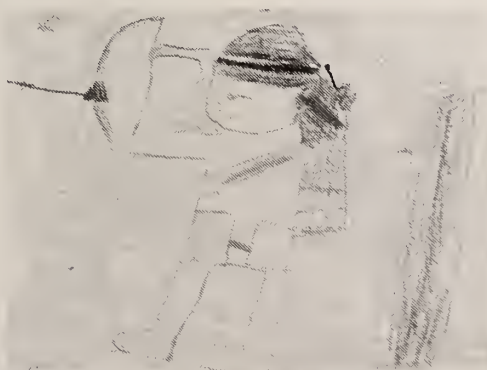
– Noel Ashford

One day me and my mummy went to the stor we saw a carpet. It was a magic carpet. When I got home I sat on it. I said abracadabra. I floated up in the air al the way to Brazil and watched one football game and floated all the way back hom. I watched T.V. and then I went to sleep. I dream about a genie flying on a magic carpet. He flew all around the world. He would not stop floating about and then he landed in a cave. He came out the cave with lots of jewels. The jewels were as sparkly as gold. The jewels were fake. He stole the real jewels. He put the fake jewels in the store and sold them.

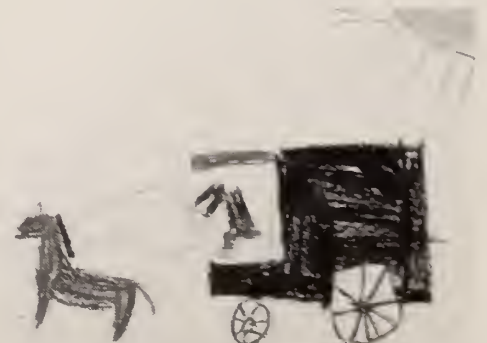
– Thomas Steinhoff

I am going to space It was fun in space. I saw space men in a space car and I saw the space Shuttl. It was fun on the planat and I got to go in the space shuttl. It was so fun in space I wonted to stay in space but I cood not stay because my mummy was wurrid. When I was back my mummy gave me cakes.

– Kyle Constable

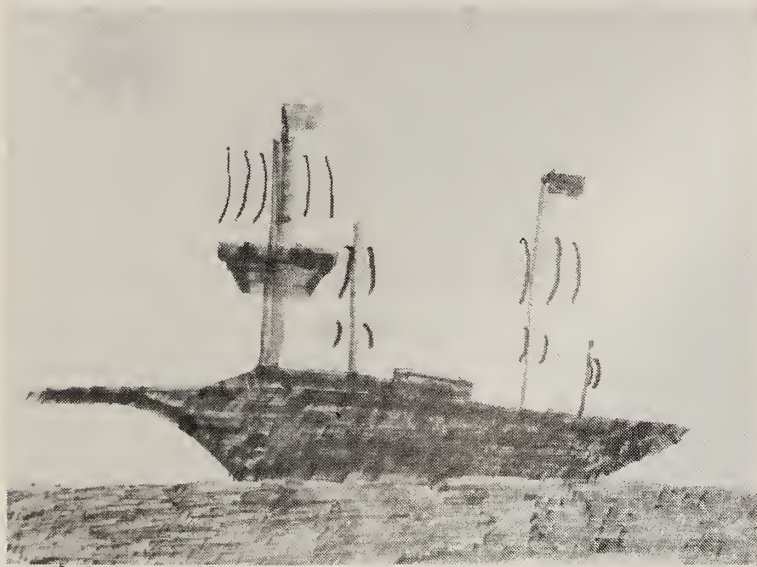


A Red Indian – James Collieson



A Horse and Carriage – Ricky Maybury

# MRS. THOMPSON'S 3T



*The Sea Venture – Michael Starling.*

## **The Cave**

One day when I was snorkeling I saw a dark opening so I went back home and got all the equipment I needed. I went back to the cave and went in. It was very spooky. I kept on swimming until I could stand on land. When I got in I saw some gold. I'm rich I shouted and then the walls began to move. I rushed to a little opening and swam out and never went back.

– Andrew Butterworth

## **Pete Strudwick**

Yesterday Pete Strudwick came to Saltus Cavendish. Pete was born in Germany. Germany was at war so they moved up to France. Soon France was in the war, so they moved into America and stayed there. He is Physically handicapped. He ran in Bermuda in 1979. He has run 26 miles! Do you know why he runs? If you don't know this is the answer. He runs for other handicapped people. By running he raises money. Please try to help them too.

– David Dodwell

## **The Lost Dog**

One day a boy named Chris took his dog Snooky for a walk to the park. When Chris got to the park he let Snooky off the leash and let him run a round. Then he whistled. The dog did not come. Chris looked every where then he sat down. Suddenly he remembered Snooky went in a plastic tunnel so he looked there and he saw Snooky.

– Brian Yuile

## **The Lost Kitten**

One day I bought a kitten. I let him roam around and explore but he got lost. I could not find him. I was worried and then I went to the beach. Then I went home. Then I went to bed and I had a funny feeling. Then I felt something and it scratched me. I jumped. Then I knew what it was. Then I went to bed.

– Michael Hayward



*Hunting Wild Pigs – Shimon Alkon.*

## **The Alien Planet**

One day I was walking down the road when I saw a sort of spaceship. It had writing on it but I couldn't read it for it was alien language. I peered inside. There were so many buttons I got inside. But, as soon as I got inside the door shut. I tried to open it but it wouldn't open. Then suddenly the door opened and I fell out. When I looked out I saw a big crowd of funny people coming towards me. I thought what do they want. Then, I saw what they wanted, they wanted me. I started to run but when I turned round I saw another group of aliens coming toward me. I was surrounded by aliens. Then suddenly the crowd stepped back and the queen of the aliens stepped up and spoke. I couldn't understand, then she ordered her guards to take me away. One day I woke up, and found myself in an alien bed. I woke up. I fed myself and then I went outside to play. For many, many years. Then, one day I said that I had to go home but I will stay one more day. So the next day we went on a big walk. When we were almost home I saw five moon hoppers, three coaler-coachers and two long tails. When we got back I got in the space ship and went back home.

– Robert Melotti

## **A Mystery Story**

One day three people and a dog went for a picnic. When they saw something shining in the grass. They picked it up in a tissue just in case and took it to the police. They saw the Governor's face in the diamond and the police said that Billy Jones had murdered the governor and had stolen the most valuable treasure in the world. The people went back to the truck and when they got back to the place where they had parked it, it wasn't there. So they went back to the police station and told them what had happened. They said that they would do the best to find out who stole the truck. Mean while Billy Jones was getting away with the truck and the money and was ready to rob the bank. So that's what he planned. He planned to rob the City Bank. But when he was robbing the bank he was caught and the stolen truck was given back to the people.

– Kent Smith



*Saturday Soccer – Michael Wallace.*

#### **Lost**

One day I was flying to England on British Airways. I landed in Heathrow. Then I took a cab to the Tower of London. Then I went to the crown jewels and I saw the medals first. But when I went to see the crown jewels were missing. So then I went to ask a Beefeater and he said he didn't know who took them. So then I went to Newcastle and I watched a football game against West Ham. Then I saw somebody with a big bag. Then I went to him and asked him what he had in the bag. He told me that he had robbed the Tower of London. Then the football game was finished. Newcastle had won three goals to one. Then I took him to a police man. He gave me a reward for finding the crown jewels. Then I flew back to Bermuda. The next week I told my parents my adventure.

– Colm Singleton

#### **The Umbrella Players**

Yesterday we went to see the Umbrella Players at Elliott School. John said I wonder how this button works? So John pushed it and they were all sucked into the T.V. I liked when they were sucked into the T.V. because they had lots of adventures. They were on W.B.B.B.W.B. News and they were kites in a kite flying contest. They had a game show called What Makes Me Angry? One contestant said that she came thirteenth and she was glad. The buzzer went. Sorry you told us something happy. Now our second contestant. What makes me really angry is when my brother breaks up my things. Your our new winner. Now this is a silly show its ridiculous. Its a tie folks. The prize is millions and millions of home work.

– Robin Simmons

#### **Lost**

One day in Liverpool there was an otter. He was lost in a forest. The otter swam to Scotland to see if it was a better life. It was not a good life there. It was almost like living in Liverpool. He went back to Liverpool. But on his way he stopped at a beach. He found an otter to play with. He and the other otter went after crabs to eat. The two otters dug a hole in the sand. The otter stayed with the other otter.

– Ashley Finnigan



*Steven's baby – Steven Cardwell.*

#### **The Go Boat**

On Wednesday afternoon after having the truck break down, we stalled at the Gate Dump Truck Mechanic Shop. Edward and I got out and went in the dump. After looking at a cruise ship's anchor we found a little bike and a man said we could have it. That night I went to my Grandpa's house and he gave me an old boat slip. It has three wheels on it two at the back and one at the front. I took one of the two front wheels off and put it on a piece of wood. I put a hole in each end of the wood and a rope in the holes and put six life preserves in the middle of the Go Boat. The next day I went to my Grandpa's house but had to jump the cliff into the water . SPLASH!

– Jay S. Avery

#### **The Lost Cow**

One day I went to milk my cow but all I saw was a chain where I tied my cow up. So I went to get my dog. She is called Paddy. I saw a mans foot prints. Paddy growled. Then I knew. I had to track him down. There were too many dingers in the forest but I had to face it. Paddy came with me. Then I saw the cow trapped. I got her out and we were lost. We had to got to sleep in the forest. The next day came. When all of us woke we went home. Then I had a drink and my dog got a nice bowl of meat.

– Andrew Smith

#### **The Lost Pearl**

Once I went to a jewelery shop and I bought a pearl necklace for my mom. She was very pleased at me for buying it. One night when we were going to go out I heard my mom scream. I ran to her room and she told me that the necklas was lost. I looked every where I could think of. Then I went to the police station and a policeman asked me if it was my moms. I said yes and I went hom.

– Nicholas Fagundo

# MR. MEREDITH'S 3M



*Caterpillar – Andrew Taft.*

I opend the box and Zip I fell down a trap door and then I heard a BANG and the door closed then the trap door shut. But it was not dark because torches lit up the walls. Spiders were crawling up and down the walls. Ahead of me there was a dark tunnel, so I started off down the dark tunnel. At the end of the tunnel there were some steps going up and at the top there was a door. So I went on up the steps and opened the door and there was a big room with a green dragon. In one corner beside him was a door I crept passed him and when I stepped through the door there was some steps going down and a door. So I went down the steps and through the door. I was shocked by a big flash of light then I saw swords, jewels and diamonds. It was treasure. And I kept it a secret for as long as I lived.

– David Charron

I opend the box and Growl came out a big big monster with three eyes, four mouths and he has cat wishers and eyes and has grey hair. He chased me all round the building I ran so fast that I triped over a chair I hert my leg but I still was running I heard somthing say whoooooooo yips he turned into a ghost it seemed like it had legs. I was shivering a lot I saw this big huge thing in the sky and I knew it was an owl and it was saying whoooooo evry time I looked then I saw somthing black in the sky and I knew it was a bat then I said thats why the owl was making noise evry time I looked then the bat looked at me then at last I saved the owl the building really a hounted house so the owl flew me safly home happily after all.

– Tarik Smith



*In the Garden – Graham Taylor.*



*Caterpillar – Jonathan Cassidy.*

I opend the box and I fell down a trap door and I landed in a room with four men around me. They said "What are you doing here?" and I said "Aw aw aw I don't know I fell in a trap door it went off when I opened a box." "You fell into a trap, good!"

Give us your money.

I don't have any. Take him to the dungeon, boys. Yes sir! When I was in the dungeon I saw two boxes I opend one. It was full of treasure then I opened the other one and another trap door went upwards. I went up it and I just got up with the treasure in time because the boss was coming and I got safe to my house with the treasure.

– James Thomson

Sinbad was playing his guitar one night and then he was on a very small sailing ship.

Sinbads friends ran out of food and Sinbad made a net and Sinbad caught a lovely big fish.

Then the fish started to whisper in Sinbads ear.

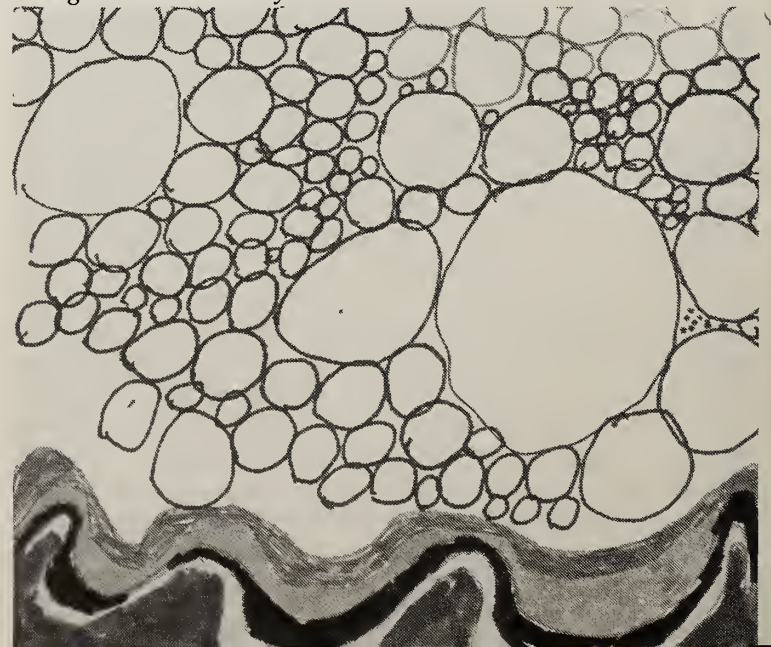
He didnt belive it.

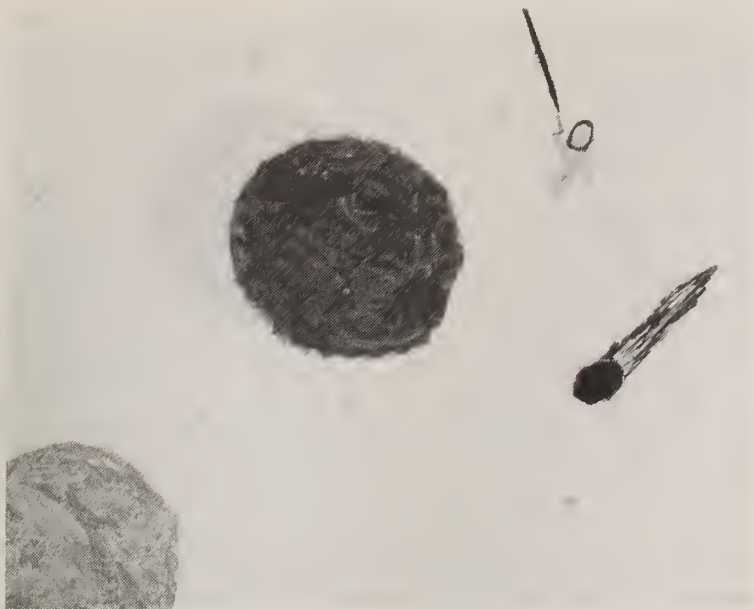
The fish begged to let him go and at last Sinbad let the lovely fish go, and when the net came up there was a neclase hanging over the side and he put the neclase down in his shirt.

In the morning Sinbad went to the crows nest and said "Land ho!" and he was so glad he told his friends and there was a coconut tree.

– Adam Farrell

*Design – Steven Bray*





*Eclipse – David Charron.*

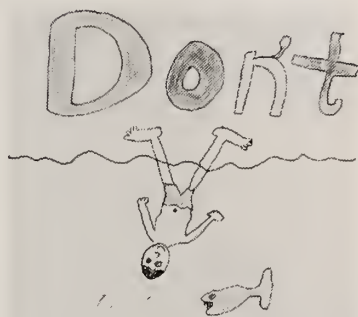
Lions live in a part of Africe where there is a lot of grass. A lion cub can not feed its self. So the mother lion has to feed the cub lion. Then all the lions saw a jeep drive up and then all the lions ran away but the father lion did not run away the father lion just stood. He did not move one bit he just kept growling and he got vicious and ran after the men and men ran and ran until they got back in to the truck.

– Justin Sousa

### **The Sword in the Stone**

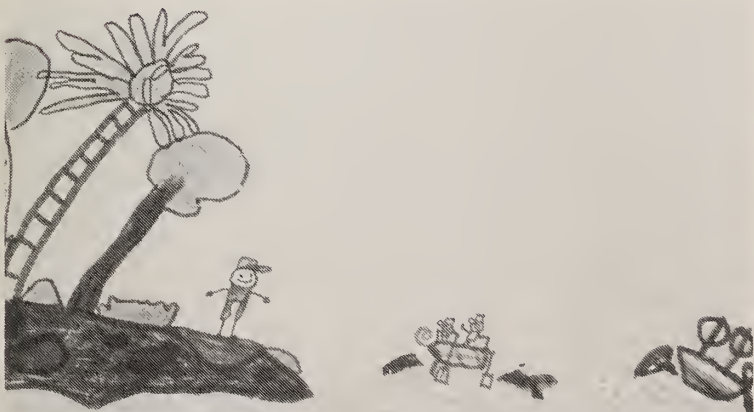
There was once a story called the sword in the stone and a sword was in stone. A king died and the king wrote a note and it said whom ever pulled out the sword will be the new king. All the men tried to pull it out but it was no use. Then a boy named Arthur met a magician named Merlin and he blew himself to Bermuda.

– Austin Simons

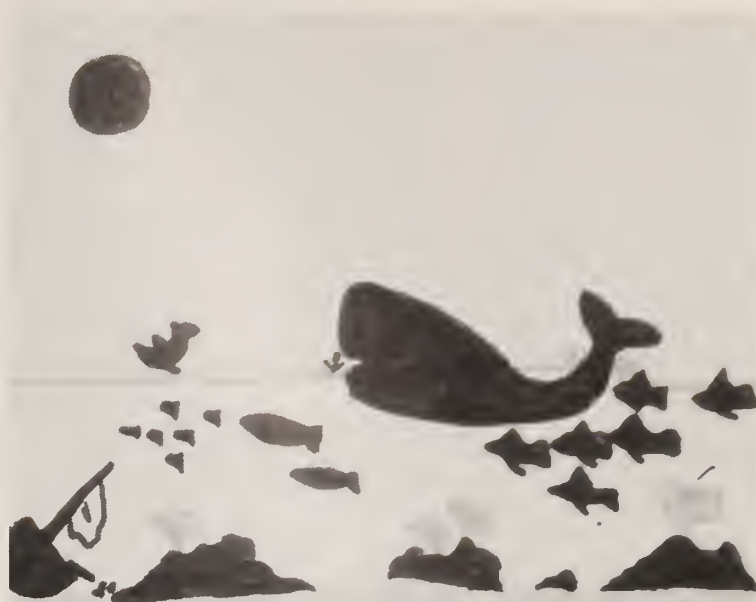


*Dive in Strange Places*

*Andrew Taft.*



*Sea Venture – James Thomson.*



*Jonah – Benjamin Leighton.*

### **The case of the Elevator Duck**

One day a boy Gilbert who lived in a city and stayed in an apartment he wanted to be a detective. So early in the morning he dressed and went in the elevator to see if anything was wrong in the building. The elevator was stuffy enough to kill you and when the people went out he found a duck. He was shocked and he didn't get out of the elevator and went to floor sixteen which he stayed on. He went into the bath room with out telling his mother and when his mother came in with the laundry he didn't know she came for the laundry so he hid the duck who he called Jack in the laundry basket and sat on it. And mother got him off and said he had two days to get rid of it.

– Benjamin Leighton

One day a boy named Gilbert got dressed then he went in the elevator. when he stopped some more people came in then some more people came in then they all went out but Gilbert did not, he went all the way to the first floor. when he looked down there was a duck. Gilbert said "All right come with me duck." Qack qack. Then he went to his bedroom and hid it in his clothes basket and his mother came in and said Gilbert get off. No! Yes said his mother. All right said Gilbert. His mother lifted the lid a duck she said why did you bring a duck here? Then Gilbert came in and said I need to use the bathroom but he didn't he just wanted to hide the duck in his clothes basket. Then the man came in and looked all over the bathroom but he did not look in the clothes basket with the duck in it.

– Steven Carruthers



*Design – Trevor Ferguson.*

# SPORTS DAY

Photographs by Mary Frith, Susan Elliott and Peter Green.



*"Tripping the Light Fantastic".*



*"This is Flippin' Good Fun!"*



*"Oh! De Pain!"*



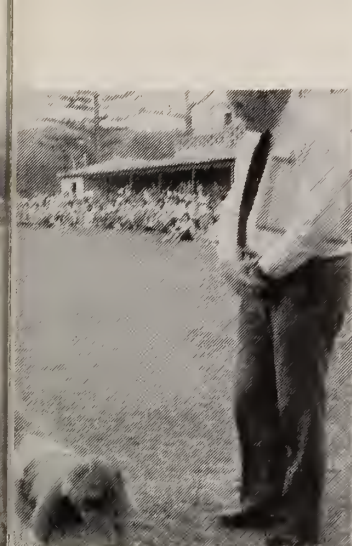
*"Did someone say they'd dropped \$20?"*



*"I can't hear you, I've got an easel in my ear".*



*"It's in the bag!"*



*"Some people will do anything for a ribbon".*



*"Charge!!"*



*"Why can't I have sneakers like everyone else?"*



*Team Games.*



*"Anticipation".*



*Heave...*



*... Ho.*



*Dion Woolridge wins the 3rd year Long Distance Race.*



*"The Winners!" Mrs. McPhee presents the shield to Blue Team.*

### **A Vote of Thanks.**

Sports day could not be so successful without the help of parents who, each year, give willingly of their time, to provide refreshments, to make participants ribbons, and to act as starter and judges. To all of you we extend a big "THANK YOU"...

# THE CAROL SERVICE



*The Star.*



*The Shepherds.*



*The Wise Men.*

## **The Star**

1S told about the star. They sang a song about the star that shone over Bethlehem. Their costume was a thin piece of paper with a star in the middle of it.

– Steven Cardwell

## **The Shepherds**

I liked 1B's play and what they were. It was the best play of them all. And they wore a little robe with a sheep under their arms. And they all had crooks.

– Adam Davis

## **The Angels**

3M was telling the story of angels. But they just wore their plain school clothes and sang a song about the angels. Before they started someone stood on the seat and said something.

– Kent Smith

## **The Kings**

Once upon a time there were three kings that had their own camels. They rode the camels through the white snow. A star was shining in the middle of the sky. The star led them to the baby Jesus he was in a stall. When the kings got there they saw him in the hay.

– Geoffrey Hindess

## **The Animals**

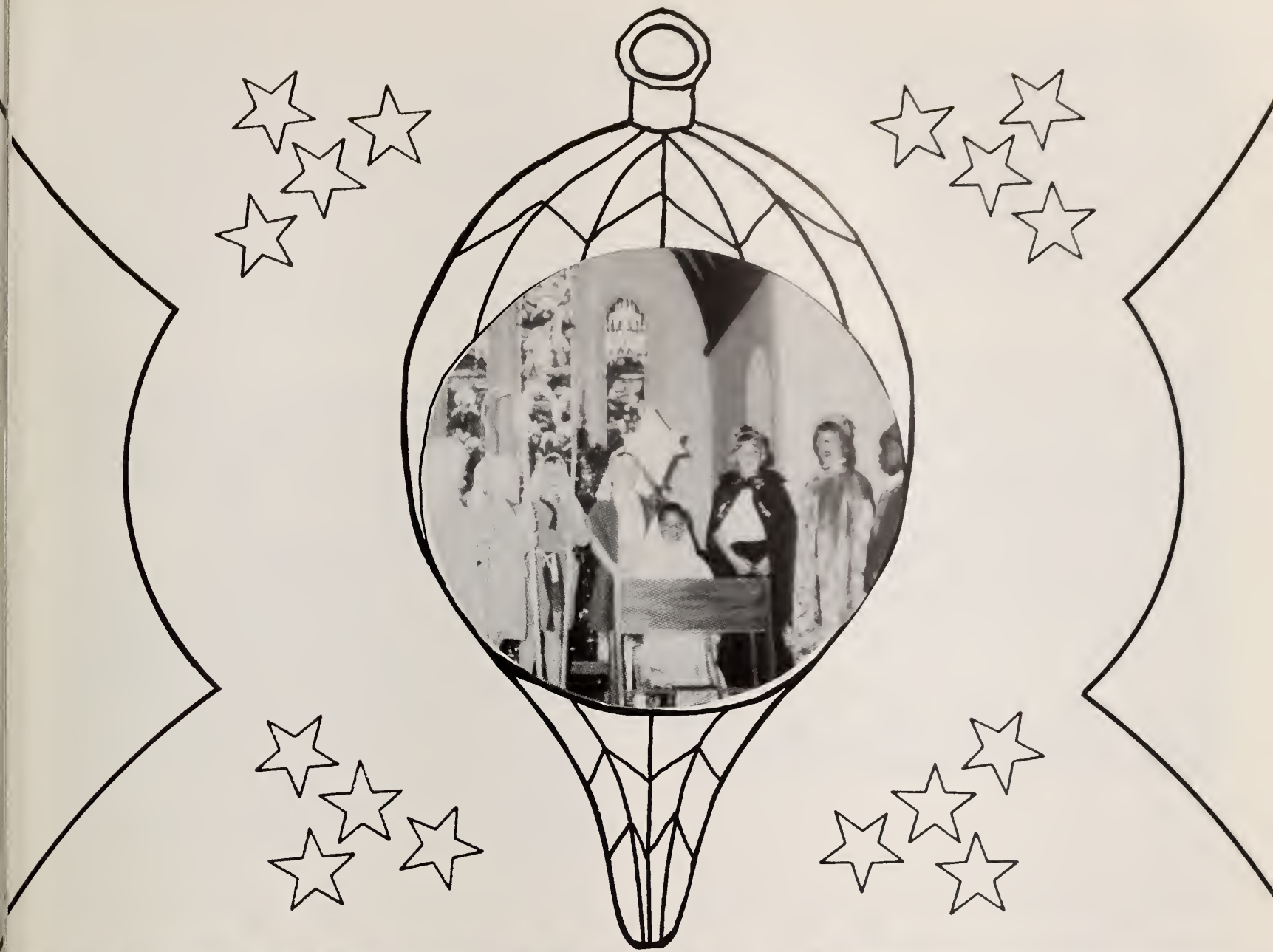
3T told the story about the animals. There were children taking part as a donkey and a cow and a sheep and a camel and a dove. We practiced a lot for this play. We hope a lot of people will come to the play. I hope it is a very nice play.

– David Patrick

## **Mary and Joseph**

Mary and Joseph walked from Nazareth to Bethlehem. When they got there they had to stay in a stable. In the night baby Jesus was born.

– Matthew De Costa



*Behind the scenes.*



*A Blessing from Canon Nisbett.*

# CLUBS (with thanks to all our Volunteer Organisers)...

## Arts and Craft Club

Dear *Mrs. Smith* and *Mrs. Starling*,

Thank you for coming to Art and Craft Club. I like the castle and the chick we are making. I have been writing about Monarch butterflies, sea snakes, and turtles. What has a trunk and two legs?

– Andrew Smith 3T



## Cookery Club

Dear *Mrs. Carruthers* and *Mrs. Charron*,

Thank you for helping us. I liked when we made cracker jacks because I ate them before I got home and tomorrow is the last day and I'm going to be good. Bye, see you tomorrow, and what are we going to make tomorrow at Cookery Club.

– Edward Batista 3T

Thank you for teaching me Cookery Club. I think the best thing we made was the homemade cracker jacks and sugar cookies which you could decorate with coloured sprinkles and cherries and I liked making the everyday cupcakes.

– Kent Smith 3T

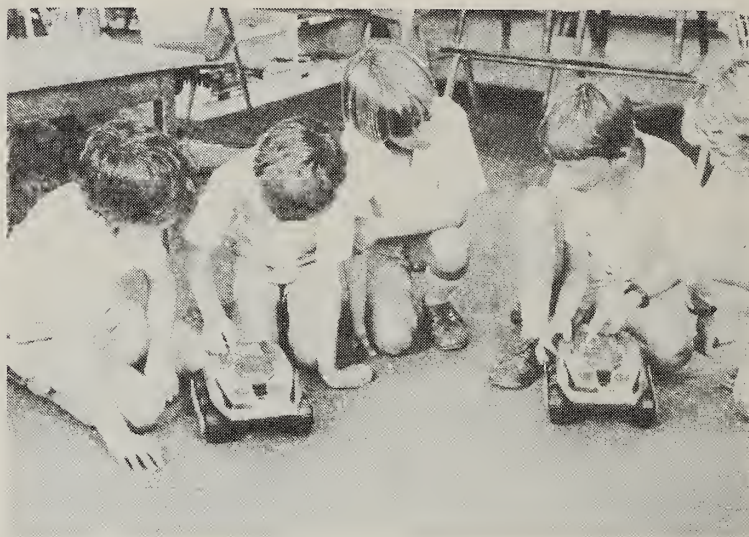


## Electronic Games Club

Dear *Mrs. Dennis* and *Miss Boardman*,

Thank you for coming to clubs we liked the games you brought and we also liked that new game you brought, and I liked when I made up words for Mrs. Dennis and I liked when I played speak and spell when it cheated me and I liked the pacman and I liked Simon says.

– Dion Woolridge 3T



## Woodwork Club

Dear *Mrs. Taft*, *Mrs. Leighton* and *Mr. Meredith*,

Thank you for helping in Wood Work. I think the best thing I made is my first table last week. I made another table and my daddy had to glue all four legs and now the legs will not wobble any more. I will name you all the things I have made, a hatchet, and two tables, now I am working on a tree.

– Adam Davis, 3T

Thank you for coming. I enjoyed it. I like making tables. But when I get home it breaks because my dog always jumps on it. And the legs break off. So I have to put somemore nails in it. And I like clubs and the day and time. And it is better when it is sunny. I like the things you can make like boats, time bombs, robots and all other kinds of things.

– Steven J. Cardwell 3T



## Gardening Club

Dear Miss Thompson and Mrs. Thomson,  
Thank you for doing gardening with us I really enjoyed that. At first I did not really like it then I started enjoying it now I love gardening, I wish I could stay in the gardening club the whole time. I like gardening I am glad you help us because I think you are good teachers.

### Planting Trees

The gardening club planted cedar trees in April and olive wood bark trees too. We planted the trees where the class ones come up in the morning. Near where we planted the trees is where the school garden is. When we started planting the first thing we had to do was to dig the holes. The second thing we had to do was to put the tree in the hole. Then we covered it with soil. Then we stamped our feet round it and then we gave it a drink. The man who helped us with all of this his name is Mr. Barry Phillips.

– Shimon Alkon 3t



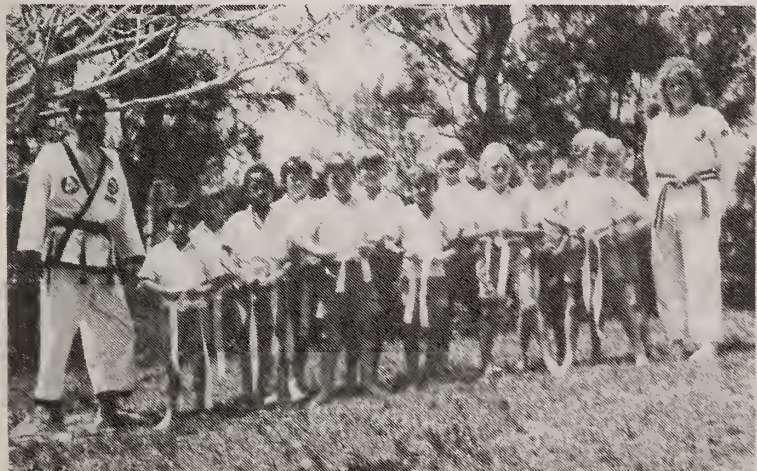
## Tae Kwon Do

Dear Mrs. Avery,  
Thank you for doing Tae Kwon Do for us. I think its really fun. At home I am exercising all the time. I did it out side this morning because my sister was not feeling too good. When I was in gardening club before I was in Tae Kwon Do I said that Tae Kwon Do was boring. But now I am in it its not boring.

– Robert Melotti 3T

I like Tae Kwon Do, Mrs. Avery, and it is nice and I like some of the kicks and I like one step, spiral and three step, and I think it is good and I like the kicking bag and it says bear brand on it and I like the punching gloves they are nice.

– Andrew Barrow 3T



## Outdoor Club

Dear Mrs. Cassidy and Mrs. Brangman,  
I really enjoy Outdoor Club. Thank you for coming on Thursdays. I really enjoy myself. I liked when we went to the Do Nut House that was fun! Last Thursday we went to the fire station and the Sergeant said if you et off a false alarm it would cost about 5,000 dollars and three years in jail! I really enjoy myself not just me, the other boys too. I know this is our last Thursday together. I hope we go somewhere nice tomorrow.

– Robin Simmons 3T

Thank you for taking us to the places we have been. The best places I think we have been are the Fire Station and Fort hamilton. I enjoyed going to the Do Nut Shop the best. Thank you for taking me home when I missed the bus. I have enjoyed going in your car a great lot. I have had a lot of fun in your car too.

– David Patrick 3T

Dear Mrs. McKey,

I wish to thank you for showing the Out Door club around your beautiful church, Holy Trinity Church. I liked what you told us about the Sunday School and the beautiful interior of the church and the font where you told us that the babies are christened. I also remember where you showed us where the horse knelt down so that its master could mount. Thank you so much for the drink and cookies.

– Rhys Baptiste 3M

Dear Police Marine Department,

Thank you for the tour round the dept. I didn't like the idea of going out round the place in boats and looking for dead people because you would not catch me doing that. I do like the idea of shooting fireworks that have lights on it and that have power shoots on so other people can see you and will not crash into you. I like the water soot that is like a sweter but I would not dump my sweter in the sea.

– Benjamin Leighton 3M

Dear Fireman Aguiar,

Thank you for taking me around the Fire Station. I liked the fire trucks and the fire pole. It was fun.

– Ashley Finnigan 3T

## ... and MUSIC

(our first Menuhin foundation violin pupils)



# CAVENDISH CELEBRATES THE 375<sup>TH</sup>

April was Devonshire's month for celebrating Bermuda's 375th Anniversary. Cavendish School's participation took the form of special projects carried out by each class.

\* \* \* \* \*

1B kept a diary of the agricultural activity in a Devonshire field from January to May.

\* \* \* \* \*

1S studied the history of pigs in Bermuda and visited a pig farm in Devonshire.

\* \* \* \* \*

2B studied old Devonshire Church.

\* \* \* \* \*

2D studied horses in Devonshire and visited the local Blacksmith and several stables.

\* \* \* \* \*

3M studied communications in Bermuda which included 'Cable and Wireless'.

\* \* \* \* \*

3T studied the history of Cavendish Hall School and decided that school activities today are more interesting than those experienced by pupils in 1916.

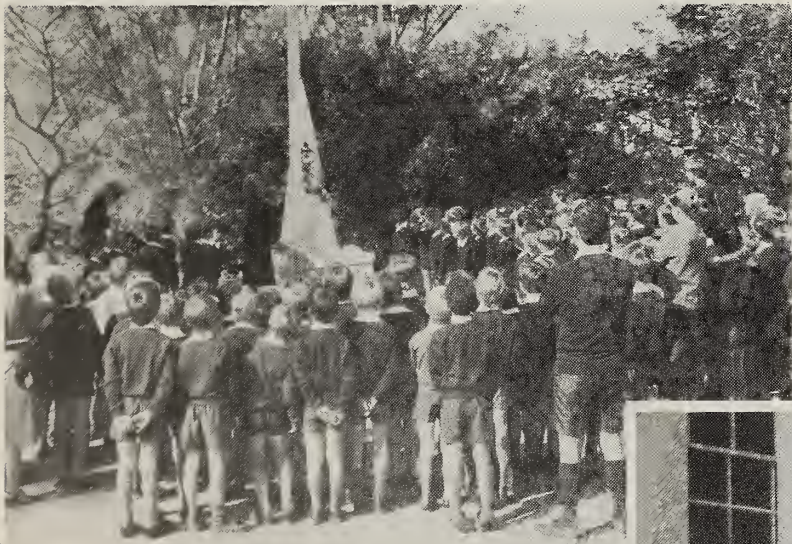
\* \* \* \* \*

The Choir, under the direction of Mrs. Bacon, were invited to perform in one of the lunchtime concerts on the steps of City Hall, and delighted the audience with a selection of Sea Shanties.

\* \* \* \* \*

Devonshire Parish Council presented gifts to the school including the Heritage Book, a book of Antique Bermuda Furniture and Silver, a floral arrangement, and a Flag bearing the Devonshire Crest.

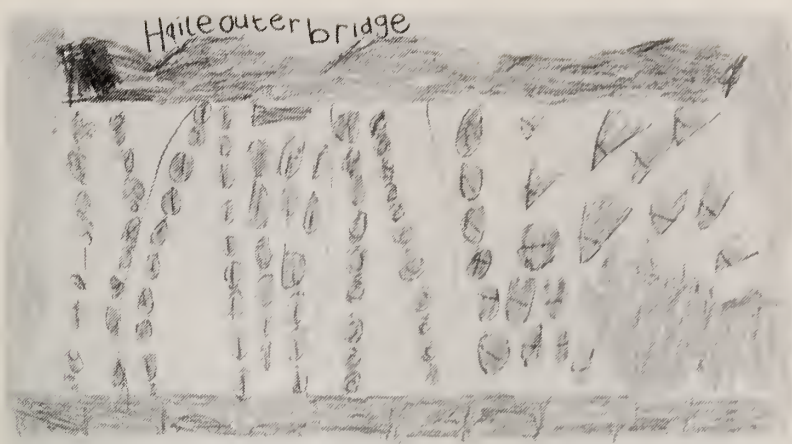
\* \* \* \* \*



*Raising the Devonshire Flag.*



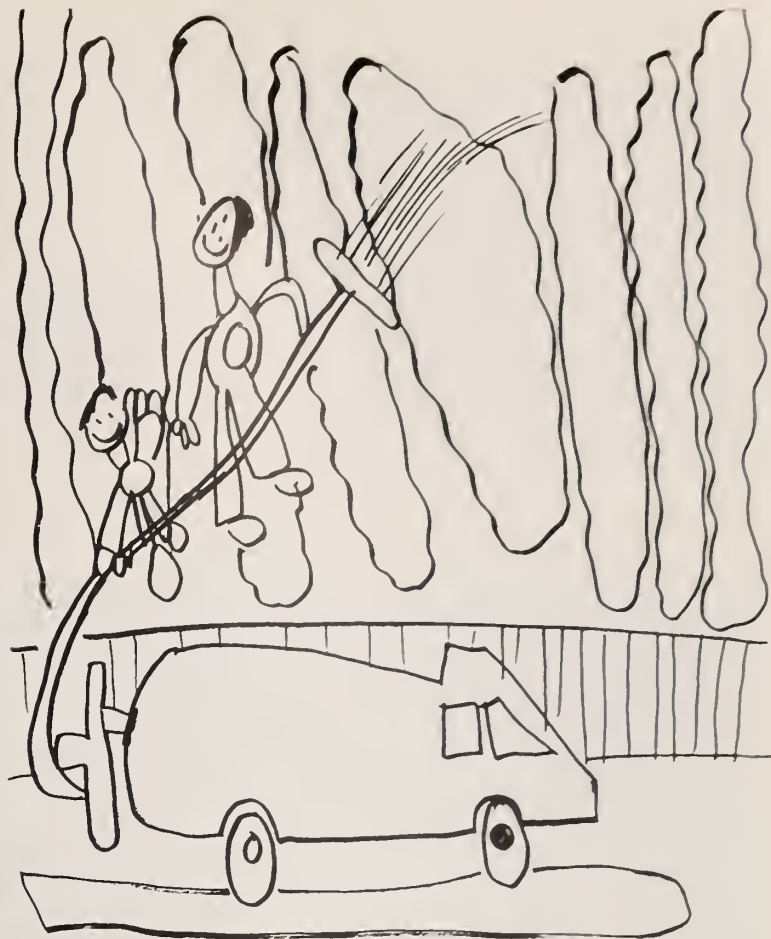
*The Choir Entertains at City Hall.*



Tuesday 10 January 1984  
Part of the Diary of Haile Outerbridge 1B.



"Prize Porkers" by 1S - (Photo courtesy of Chris Barnard).



"Spraying" - Scott Baron 1B.



Paper Plate Pigs by 1S.



"Our trip to Old Cavendish Church" by Mark Moran 2B.



"Old Cavendish Church" by Trevor Hedges 2B.



*"Breakfast Rides".  
Ryan Sommerville 2D.*



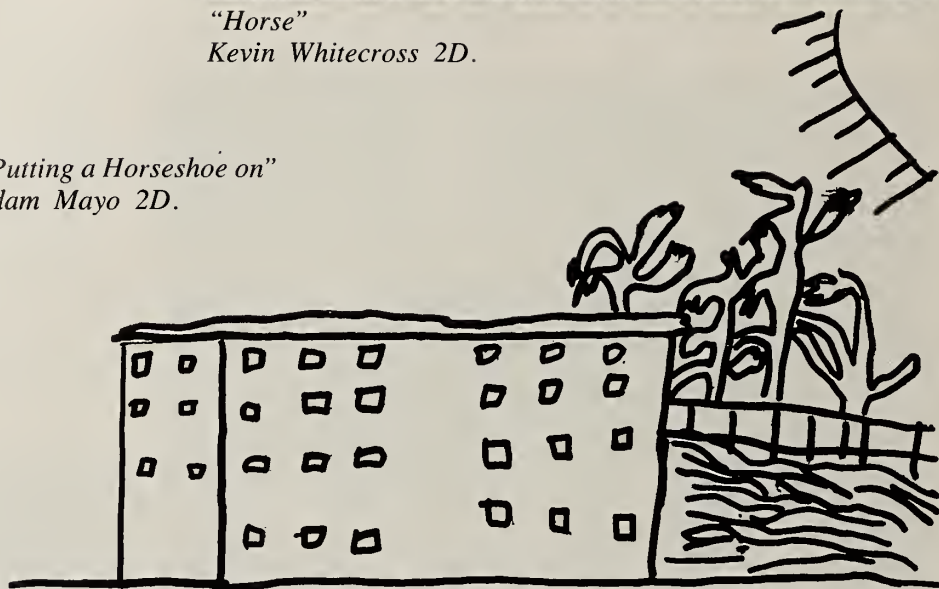
*"Horse"  
Kevin Whitecross 2D.*



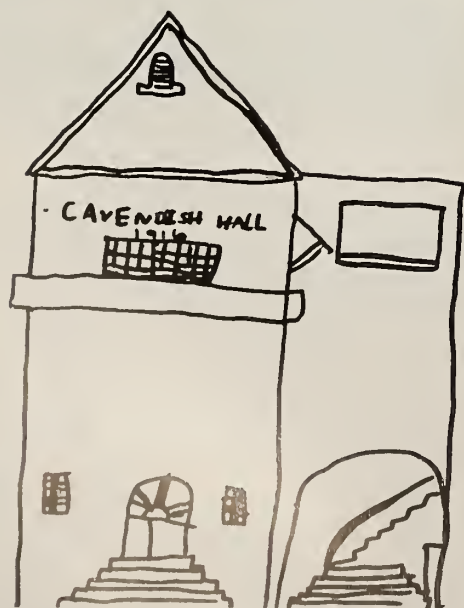
*"Putting a Horseshoe on"  
Adam Mayo 2D.*



*"Model Horse" Ian Bernard 2D.*



*"The 6 Classroom Extension - 1936"  
Adam Davis 3T.*



*"The First Part of Cavendish  
Hall School - 1916"  
David Patrick 3T.*



*"Early Communications" by 3M.*

# HALLOWEEN

I was a worker. I went to the school fair and I went on the fun castle. Then I got hungry so I got a hamburger. When I just got to the fair I had two rides on ponies and I had fun.

– Derek Trimingham

Last night it was Halloween. I was a vampire for Halloween. I played a lot of fun games. I played Beat the Goalie and I got a goal and I got a mobile. I played Throw the Bean Bag through the hole and I got all five bean bags through the hole. Then I went trick or treating and it was 10 o'clock when I got home.

– David Dodwell



*"IB and IS enjoy the Jack O' Lantern kindly donated by the Market Place".*



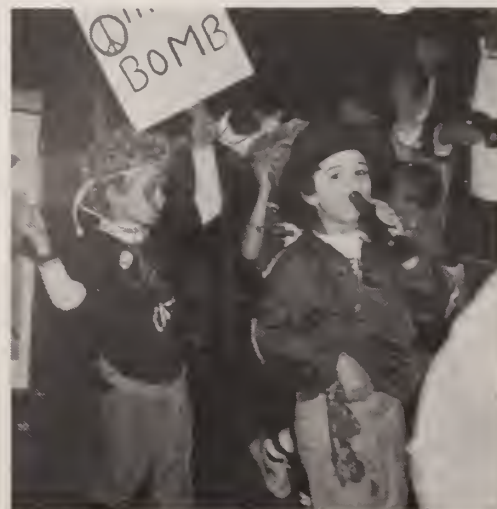
*A "Wizard" pair!*



*"Halloween Belles".*



*"Donkey Kong & A Walking Disaster!"*



*"Cheers!"*

# SATURDAY SOCCER

*"By Jim Hindess".*



*"Mums versus Boys – Dec. '83"  
"There's power in the rear defense!"*



*"They're still smiling in spite of the Bruises!"*

Saturday soccer at Saltus Cavendish continued for the third successive season, receiving enthusiastic support from both the boys and their parents. The 1983/84 season began in October with several Saturdays of training sessions and exhibition games followed by a schedule of twenty-one league games. Approximately sixty boys participated in the sessions throughout the season.

The league games were very exciting and the season culminated with Red team edging out Blue team for the league title in the very final game of the season. Although one team did emerge as the ultimate winner, it should be noted that *all* of the boys who participated were in fact the winners. The greatest reward for the coaches and parents was in seeing the progress the boys made from week to week. As in the previous two years, the emphasis was placed on participation, team work, and development of skills. The enthusiastic and progressively accomplished play throughout the season gave evidence to the fact that these objectives were achieved.

The boys took a mid-season break to participate in the traditional Christmas season Mothers versus Boys match. The Mothers, finding themselves outclassed, had to resort to

recruiting Vince Ingham to bolster their side. It was a close and exciting match which was enjoyed by both participants and observers. Oddly enough, the final score went unrecorded.

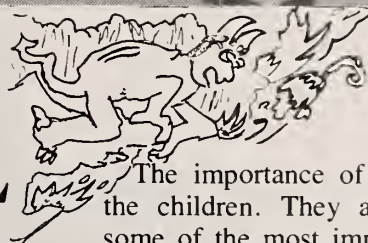
One of the highlights of the year for Cavendish was the second annual match between a team composed of the third year Cavendish boys and a team of fourth year Junior School players. It was a hard-fought match from which Cavendish emerged as two-to-one winners over the Junior School team. The game emphasized the important link between the Cavendish and Junior School football programs, with the Cavendish victory alleviating any concerns the third year boys might have had regarding the transition to the Junior School league.

The 1983/84 season was brought to a close with the annual presentation of medals by Mrs. Hopkins along with exhibition matches in which the boys were able to demonstrate for their parents their accomplished skills. The traditional Fathers versus Coaches matches also took place, with the coaches emerging victorious. All in all it was a great family day.

One final note: the involvement of parents in Saturday soccer at Cavendish is fundamental to its continued success. Parental support this year was excellent. Let's keep it up.



# SALTUS JUNIOR SCHOOL



## SCHOOL RULES!

### The Staff

#### Seated (L to R):

Miss M. Armstrong, Mrs. L. Williams,  
Mr. G. Sutherland – First Assistant,  
Miss E. Wilkie – Head of Department,  
Mrs. K. Latter, Mrs. M. Pettit, Dip Mus Ed., R.S.A.M.,  
L.R.S.M., Mrs. J. Zuill.

#### Standing:

Mr. M. Beasley, Mr. S. Adams, B.A. (Edinburgh), Mr. P.  
Lever.

The importance of school rules is to ensure the safety of the children. They are relatively easy to obey. These are some of the most important rules that should be permanently sealed in the minds of all our young children.

Running is to be done on the field, and not in the quadrangle; interrupting an older person is rude; and fighting should not be allowed in any school.

But as you know, these rules are broken very often. Although this cannot be stopped, it can be controlled. Warnings are given to the ignorant individuals who do these foolish things. Only the mindless ones continue their games after warnings. These scoundrels should be put aside until further punishment is decided upon.

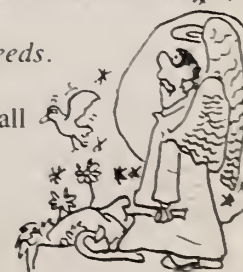
Throwing rocks is the most needed rule. It can take your eyesight away from someone and blind him forever. Most boys indulge in this, and find it incredibly funny, though there are the sensible ones who foresee the dangers in it and evacuate the area.

Swearing is the most common language used among school children. This vulgar way of speech makes them feel independent and more grown-up.

*School rules are made to stop these misdeeds.*

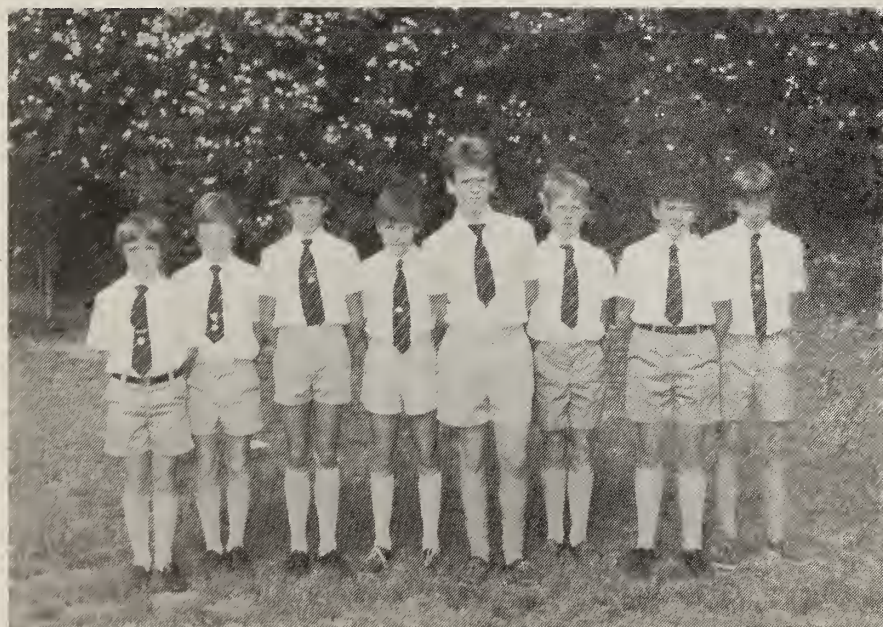
– Colwyn Burchall

by Colwyn Burchall "In carcere" Mrs. J. Bell





## SCHOOL OFFICERS 1983/1984



### Monitors who have served during 1983/4

Andrew Scaife, Nicholas Scaife, Mark Campbell, Steven Spencer-Arscott, Simon Biggs, Monty Hamill, Aiden Stones, Michael Patterson, Mark Wheddon, Forster Darling, Marc Wheddon.

Myles Orchard, Andrew de Costa, John Richmond, Simon Van de Weg, Carlos Amarel, Corey Powell, Kevin Manuel, Sebastian Pedro, Douglas Mello, Christopher Garrod.

Robert Borte, Nicholas Swan, James Leman, Jason Semos, Luke Fisher, David Brown, Peter Hind, Mark Booth.

Sebastian Henagulph, Sean Moran.

### House Captains 1983/1984

(Left to right):

**WATLINGTON**

Vice Captain – Jason Semos

Captain – Simon Van de Weg

**DARRELL**

Vice Captain – Sebastian Henagulph

Captain – David Brown

**BUTTERFIELD**

Vice Captain – Monty Hamill

Captain – John Richmond

**SALTUS**

Vice Captain – Douglas Mello

Captain – Robert Borte

# A CREDIT TO HIS SCHOOL!

Several boys, by their endeavours and achievements in various fields have brought incidental credit to their school:—

A major newspaper item in April told the Island of a tourist's request to contact a polite, informative boy whom he had met on a Warwick ferry — a boy whose enthusiastic conversation about Bermuda determined his listener, an American teacher, to locate the boy and get him to correspond with some of his own students.

That boy was Michael Davidson, son of Mr. & Mrs. Allan Davidson, and a pupil of Saltus Junior School, J6W.

We congratulate Michael on his informed congeniality, and thank him for the incidental publicity gained by the school.

Spencer Moss who, as the major fund raiser for the Market Place's Fund marathon for Charity, won a bicycle (which, he generously put up for raffle, on behalf of school funds.)



In writing ideas used by the Umbrella Players in "Video Bermuda"

Sean Moran

Jullian Wheddon: abroad

Scott Pearman: abroad

Timothy McCann

## In national writing contests

Sebastian Henagulph, Runner-up in the Bermuda Paint Company's 25th Anniversary Essay contest for charity. Highly commended were Simon Draycott and Peter Drew, now abroad.

Sebastian Henagulph, winner of the Royal Gazette Bermuda Christmas story.

Also Guy Hamshere, whose Bermuda Christmas story was published in B.E.L.C.O's publication.

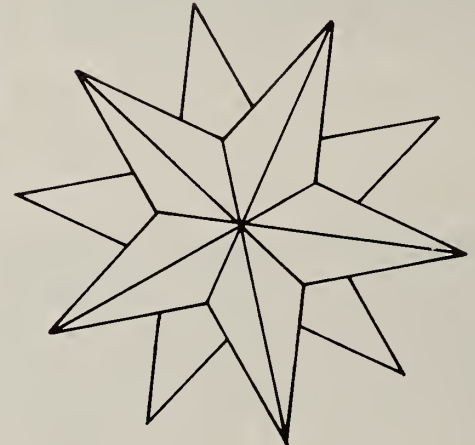
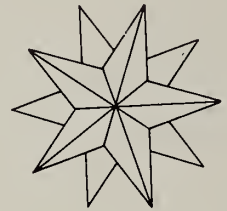
Christian Dunleavy, Marcus Kermode, and Zenji Ingham who won the first three places in the Bermuda Youth Library Limerick competition about a literary character.

# CONGRATULATIONS



Our congratulations to Simon Biggs, winner of this year's scholarship and to Simon Draycott, winner of the Music Scholarship.

Also to Mark Booth, Simon Draycott and Sean Moran who were awarded Honourary scholarships.



## Hurricane

A twirling, twisting, and raging hurricane slowly blew over the small bustling, little island of great beauty, Bermuda. Unfortunately, it was Bermuda's feared hurricane season. A flock of birds could be seen, battling the fierce winds of the hurricane. Many other waterfowl and other animals could be seen, crouching down and sheltering in small, chipped-out holes in some aging Bermuda stone. Many old tramps were sheltering and battling it out with the winds and pelting rain, looking for any small shelter that could be found. Hours and hours of raging torment had been going on and it was now time for the swirling winds to decrease briefly, and almost come to a halt, this was the eye of the hurricane. Many animals and even people were often fooled by this brief moment of silence, where the winds died down and stopped the torment. Then suddenly, the winds picked up. The struggle again began. The hurricane soon passed over. Those who survived would carry on their life, the unfortunate ones would have been carried away in the winds. As people went out after, the sight they saw was disastrous, royal palms covered the ground, along with dead birds and any other things that had been carried up. Bermuda was left desolate.

– Simon Biggs

## Skates

The thrill of rolling along on my black and yellow boot-skates never leaves me. I feel the wind whisk my hair as I swiftly move around the skating ground. The wheels sing their high pitched song as they move with a blurred, yellow movement. The silver ballbearings shine in the bright light. I swing my feet in rapid succession and increase my speed. I hear the screams of delight from the other skaters, and I can tell they are enjoying themselves as much as I. The strong odor of sweat invades the air and I stop. I slip off my beautiful pitch-black skates with the yellow laces, put on my shoes, and leave.

– Simon Draycott



*Rabbit by A. de Costa*

## The Tests

Chaco was very nervous. As the chief of the Indian tribe fastened the blindfold around his neck, Chaco said a final prayer to himself.

To prove that he was a real Hitacii Indian, he had to walk blindfolded, to the end of a log which stretched across a waterfall.

As the drummer beat out the danger rhythm, Chaco took a small step onto the log. He steadied himself, then took a larger step. He kept doing this, feeling with his feet to see whether the log curved.

Soon, Chaco felt a difference in texture beneath his feet. The Indians began cheering, and the blindfold was removed. He had reached the end of the log!

Wiping perspiration from his face, Chaco was immediately directed to the second and final test. The chief showed the young man a bow and arrow.

Speaking to Chaco in Hitacii tongue, the chief explained that he would have to shoot a black tiger which was going to be released from a cage and into a fenced-in pen. The Indians led Chaco into the pen, closed the opening, and handed the Indian-in-training the bow and arrow.

A deep snarl sounded as the black tiger ran out into the pen. Chaco readied the bow and slowly advanced into the centre, keeping both eyes on the huge cat. Suddenly the tiger pounced. At the same moment Chaco hastily withdrew. The cat kept leaping until Chaco was stuck in a corner of the pen. The only chance was to loose the arrow now. The bowstring was pulled until taut, then the arrow flew. It found its mark, between the eyes. The black tiger gave a final roar, then dropped to the floor, dead.

The Indians also roared, with approval. Chaco was now a full-fledged Hitacii Indian!

— Sean Moran

## The Onion Peeler

One fine day, a man came to my door,  
His coat was torn and tattered, and he looked very poor,  
He was fat, he was tall, and he carried a stick,  
He also clutched a gadget that made a big click.

I said "My poor fellow, what do you desire?"  
Said he, "I have a gadget I think you'd like to hire,  
It is small, it is costly, but since you've been so nice,  
I'll even sell it to you sir, at a very low price!"

It's my supersonical, economical, Bermudian Onion Peeler,  
And of this product sir, I am a special dealer.

"I do not want to buy your gadget," said I,  
"I don't care what the price is, I just don't want to buy."

Said the tall, fat man, in utter confusion,  
"Another luckless day, another refusal.  
It's not a good life, this life on the street,"  
And with that, he beat a hasty retreat!

— Michael Batista  
Age 10 J6W



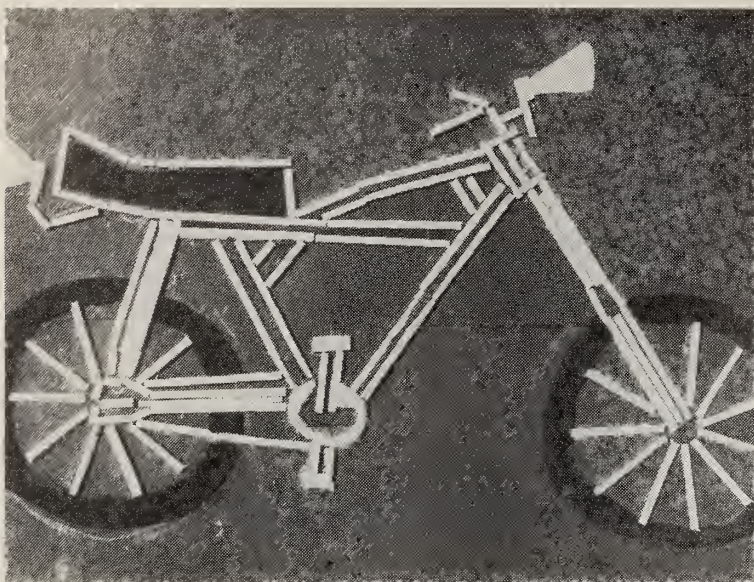
*Bermuda House by A. Scaife*

## The Tall Ship

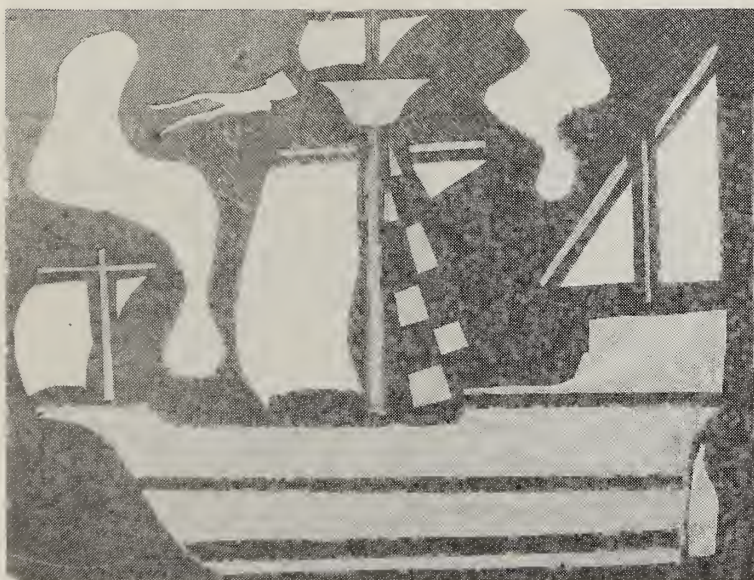
As the Tall Ship sailed into harbour,  
Over shimmering seas,  
I stared up at the crows nest and thought:  
"That's where I'd like to be."

But on entering the harbour,  
This ship so forlorn,  
Turned and left the harbour,  
To return where it was born.

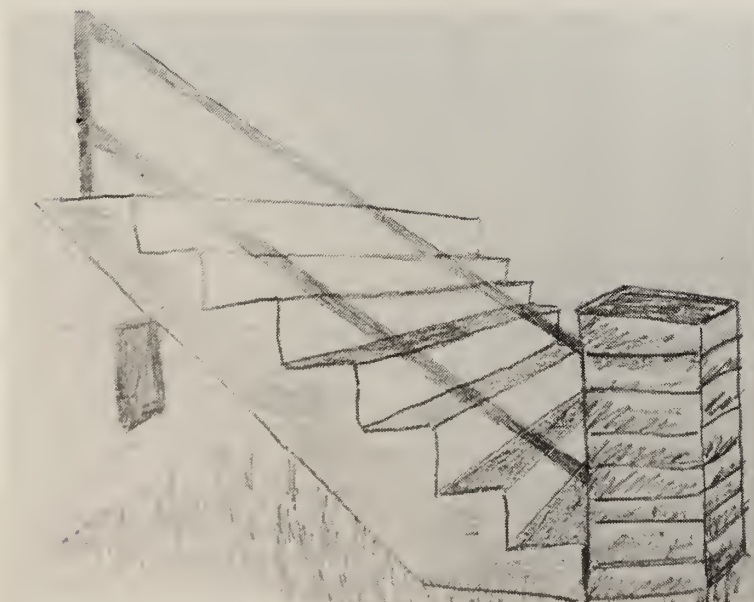
— Sebastian Henagulph



*Bike by J. Semos*



*Ship by P. Drew*



*Steps by A. Stones*

## Tragedy

I tried to stop him but he did not listen and now he is dead. I should have told his parents about his pack racing and of his smoking drugs. It all happened on that dark windy May third night. About three days ago the roads were wet and slippery. When he came home that night he was high and I was in the living-room watching T.V. I got into a fight with him about his problem. He got angry and ran out and got on his bike. I grabbed him but he flung me away into a wall and I was knocked! When I had recovered he was gone with the pack! Halfway down first and third they went full speed down the stretch. He was in the lead. They slowed down to turn the corner but it was not enough. There was a truck in front- he swerved not to hit it but there was an oncoming car. He hit it and went through the windshield. He was killed instantly. I was too late to tell his parents- just too late!

– Nicholas Swan J7S

## The Vikings

The long, sturdy boat moved swiftly in the tremendous waves and raging winds. The fierce warriors and the oarsmen were extremely hungry and were suffering from exhaustion. This was due to the fact that they had been at sea for three long dreary weeks and had run out of provisions four days ago. Then men on board were just about to eat the disease-spreading rats on board, when the sharp eyes of the lookout, spotted land.

He shouted to the men below, "Land ho!" The men jumped up, their faces blazing with excitement. Their depression, hunger and fear left them. They started to row the huge galley at twice the normal speed. The large wooden ship approached the long, rocky beach. They lowered the small boats which battled the huge waves and made their way to shore. One man got out of his boat and said, "I call this place Greenland."

– Jonathan Brann

## Bermuda Experience

I turned the corner and saw  
my gate,  
The palm trees swayed tall  
and straight.  
Kiskadees sang high in the  
sky,  
And as I strolled, I heaved  
a sigh.

I crossed the room to my  
favourite chair,  
As the smell of cedar filled  
the air.

– David Brown J7A

## Puppy Power!

I saw young sparrows being  
fed,  
And watched a puppy playing  
dead.  
Suddenly I remembered what  
mother said:  
'Hurry home, do not be late,  
For your lesson at half past  
eight'.

In they came, one to ten,  
Pouncing, bouncing  
Looking for their giant  
friend.  
Hurring, scurrying  
The saw him, crossed-legged  
on the floor.  
Jumping, bumping  
As he broke for the door.  
Fighting, biting  
They overwhelmed him with  
wet tongues  
And happy faces.  
Stealing, squealing  
They chewed on his shoe  
laces.

I ran to the house as it began  
to rain,  
Mum was watching through  
the window pane,  
Inside the fire was burning  
bright,  
Flames were dancing in yel-  
low light.

– Bobby Borte J7A



*Rastafarian by M. Kermode*

### **Sunset – by J6W**

It was very peaceful as the water reflected the last few rays of sunshine. In the distance a cruise ship moved along the horizon. Somebody in a row boat was lazily paddling around as a lizard ran across the dock and went down a hole. A portuguese man o' war drifted along with its long tentacles dangling behind it. Fish were swimming in and out of the rocks and coral.

– David Jenkinson

Purple, orange, red, white, yellow and blue colours decorated the sky as if an invisible hand had taken a giant paint brush and painted a wonderful scene. Seagulls swooped down to claim their evening meal from the sea, while the thunderous water continued its eternal carving of the shoreline.

– Colwyn Burchall

As I watched, the water seemed to explode with beautiful colours which reflected from the sun. The masts and sails of boats created fantastic shadows on the water. The magnificence of the colours was incredible, but sadly they were ever changing and would soon disappear. A small boat appeared over the horizon as the sun's rays took their final bow, which ended the glory.

– Lyle Douglas

The tranquil scene was almost indescribable. The sun was setting in the East, in an array of fiery reds, oranges and yellows which enchanted me. The wonders of nature, I thought, could never be destroyed by man or machines, they were just too wonderful. Then darkness fell and brought the beautiful performance to an end.

– Michael Batista

The ball of fire in the sky was now at half mast, playing tricks on my eyes. Colours danced along the shimmering water's edge as sailboats glided by the harbour. The heavenly fireball was now going to its final rest and as the colours turned dark, everything went to sleep in the sunset.

– José Hoare

As the sun sank lower, the sky changed from bright hot reds to cold icy blues and purples. Now you could only see the rays of the sun over the horizon, hanging on for dear life, to stay alive on the sea.

– Guy Hamshire

A lone sailboat silhouetted against the sun, swayed on orange tipped waves. Then it happened. The sun slowly drowned in the bed of water and the sky quickly turned from a fiery flame colour to an ice cold purple. The harbour turned grey and shadows danced on the dark seas as the last rays of light faded into the ashen sky.

– Jonathan Young

## **Trees**

I felt terrified as I heard the wind howling through my fragile leaves. I saw the blankets of lightning light up the dark, stormy sky. The rain started beating against my overgrown cedar boughs. A violent wind attacked with full force at my many roots. Echoing hollow blasts of thunder could be heard in the distance. The twigs and bark of my body were slowly torn off but, amazingly, my roots did not give way to the everlasting attacks of the mighty wind. Then, all of a sudden, everything stopped, as if by magic. There was dead silence! I looked around. Patches of overturned mud and garbage lay around the area along with other branches and leaves. I thought "What a way to Keep Bermuda Beautiful."

– Jonathan Young, Age 10, J6W



*Bird by W. Young*



*Trees by N. Ly*

## Stupendous Solutions to Pressing Problems in Paradise!

### Curb the Criminals

My Handbag Snatcher Catcher is a spider-like creature. Press a button and the spider climbs up the thief's arm and tickles him until he drops the handbag!  
– Ben Lucas J6W

Invent a purse fitted with a radio active box that looks like a mirror. the police could then pick up a beam that shows the face of the thief.  
– Christopher Merritt J6A

Someone should invent an electrical device that goes inside the handbags so that when someone tries to steal the bag, he gets a nasty electric shock!  
– Greg Titterton J6W

Murderers would be locked up for ever and fed on nothing but raw Bermuda onions, speeders would be put in the stocks for a few days and drunk drivers would have the ducking stool punishment!  
– Andrew Cree J6A

### Slow Down The Speeders

All cars should have a boxing glove in the glove compartment. If the driver goes over the speed limit, the boxing glove pops out and socks the driver!  
– Mark Semos J6A

### Wipe Out the Weed

To prevent marijuana coming into the island, we should make people pass through a gate with a huge nose that smells each person to see if he is carrying drugs.  
– Chip Popper J6W

To find out if a person uses drugs, place an electronic eye in the ear of the suspected person and look at the brain for any signs of weirdness.  
– Jeremy Wright J6A

### Lick The Litter

Breed special Venus Trash Traps and plant them all over the island. Whenever someone throws litter on the ground the plants will snatch up the trash and eat it for breakfast.  
– Joel Froomkin J6A

Attach vacuum cleaners to the underside of cars so that all the roads' litter would be sucked up.  
– Dwayne Trott J6W

Make a huge rocket base at the Dump, then each day fill the rockets with trash and blast them off to a special planet which opens up and gets rid of the rubbish.  
– Christian Dunleavy J6A

I'd invent a robot that picks up little cups and bottles and other trash that dirty people drop all over the island. I'd call it the Litter Bug's Trash Collector.  
– Richard Todd J6A

### Demolish The Dump

That Dump smells like an unclean fish bowl! Get the Public Works Department to clean it up – bag, by bag, by bag!  
– Jonathan Young J6W

### Tame The Tar

I'd train a team of Droid Robots to suck up thousands of gallons of tar from the beaches every day.  
– Myron Woolridge J6W

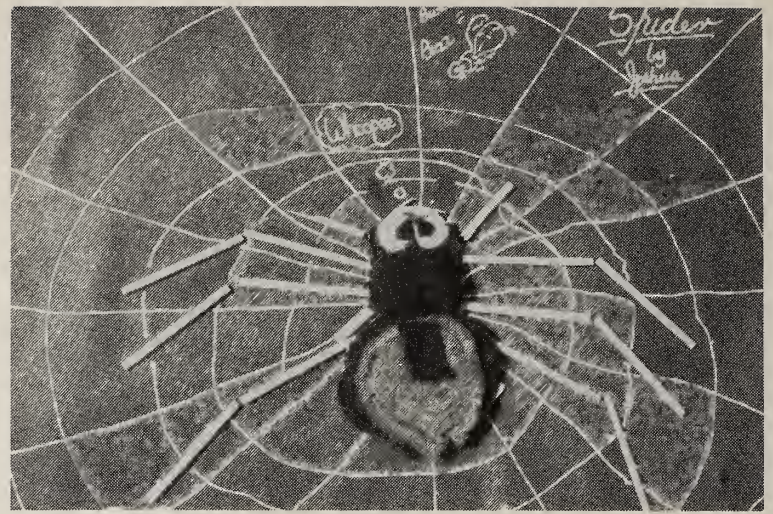
### Pep Up The Programming

There should be a small wave that goes through the air and gives a pinch to the people running the T.V. programmes at Z.B.M. and Z.F.B. every time something goes wrong. Viewers would be allowed to give one pinch a day – otherwise they'd be black and blue!  
– Stephen Haycock J6W

### Bring Back The Birds

Pour water on Cahow Pellets and little Cahows would emerge!  
– Marcus Kermode J6A

I'd invent a Blue Bird Egg Duplicating Machine. All you'd do is stick in a Bluebird's egg and out could come six more eggs.  
– Craig Thomas J6W



by J. Howard J7S

### Transformation

Halloween time is a scary thing,  
When ghosts and goblins howl and sing.

The 31st of October – Oh! I remember that night,  
I was standing there in the misty moonlight.

Then suddenly I heard the terrifying scream,  
That of a figure, almost unseen.

I strained my eyes as the figure advanced,  
I wanted to run, but was in a trance.

My mouth opened wide and my eyes bulged out,  
I felt like screaming – but nothing came out!

Slowly I fell, in shock, to the ground,  
My muscles relaxed and my mind spun round.

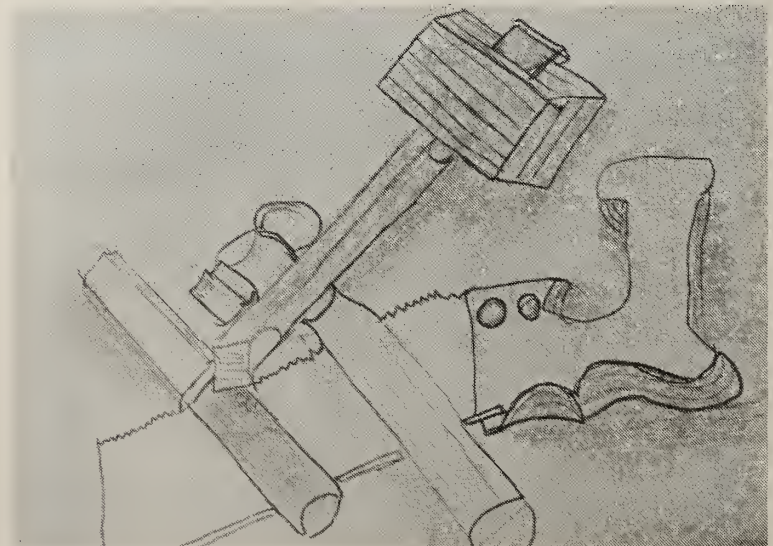
And now I look back at that dark gloomy night,  
And why I make people run in fright.

I seem to have changed – I don't know why?  
From a human to an image that makes people cry.

### Epilogue

I've really enjoyed being your host  
Perhaps by now you've guessed that I am a GHOST!

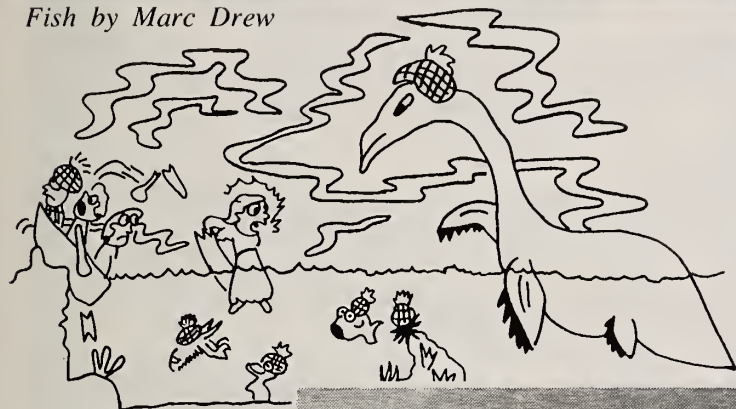
– Michael S. Ashton J6W



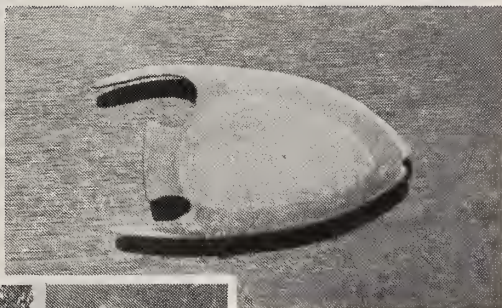
C. Popper J6W



*Fish by Marc Drew*



*Monster by Jonathan Bell*



*Fish by Michael Batista*



*Up to their elbows*

## My Most Embarrassing Moment

I was riding my bike to town, crossing down Tee Street with my friends. I was showing off near Front Street by hopping over the speedbumps. But, when I jumped, my back wheel flew off and I went down, tumbling over three times. Everybody saw me and burst out laughing. I wished the ground would open up and swallow me! Believe me, I was red and kept quiet for the rest of the day. After that, whenever I saw my friends I blushed like a rose and tried to avoid getting close to them.

– Elliott Hubbard, Age 10, J5L

## The Fog

My friend Harry and I were very excited. We were going on a trip to Scotland. An old Scotsman was going to give us a tour of Loch Ness and as we looked out of the 'plane window we saw Scotland looming up.

Harry was tucking into an enormous lunch. He was just turning to dessert when the 'plane landed with a great big bump.

Harry's chocolate sundae leapt off the tray and proceeded to splatter all over his lap. Poor Harry!

Harry's mother (who was coming too) snorted with laughter – but Harry didn't.

"That's not funny," said Harry, wiping the remains of his sundae off his clothes, "Not funny at all".

"Come on sulky," said his mother, "It's time to get off." As we stepped off the 'plane, I took a good sniff of the air. "Aaaah," I said, "Lovely. Hey Harry look! It's the Scotsman to meet us."

This was right. "Hello", he said, "I know English too. Come on!" A nice horse and carriage awaited us. Soon we were at Loch Ness. It looked rather scary when we were rowing out because it was covered with a thick fog.

"Some people say a monster lives here," said the Scotsman, "But that is not true."

"Eek!" yelled Harry, "Look!"

A round, green monster was looking angrily at the Scotsman. It opened its mouth and bit the oar in two. Then a flipper arose and gave us a splash of freezing water. Then it dived into the fog and swam off. It looked absolutely awful.

A funny noise came from behind us. It was the Scotsman throwing up. Then he grabbed the remaining oar and shot across the bay. But it was too foggy and he couldn't see. Crack! We struck a rock. The Scotsman sculled faster and soon we were on the beach with fog around us.

There was no tour of Loch Ness now. Harry's mother wouldn't stay. Soon we were at home and no one believed us.

– Jonathan Bell J5B

## My Most Embarrassing Moment

My mother and I were going fishing. I was four years old and not very strong. We got to the boat and I saw about twenty other people there. When we were out far enough we dropped our lines. It was very rough and the boat was tipping backwards. Then it happened! Suddenly I fell in the water and every one was laughing. When we got home I went to bed and was so embarrassed I didn't come out of my room until the next day!

– Rupert Henagulph J5L

## The Witch's Feat

One day the postman brought a letter for me. I opened the letter and found out that it was not for me after all, it was for an old lady down the street. I went down to the old lady's house and gave it to her. I said that I was sorry for opening her mail, and she said that it was all right and asked me if I wanted to come to the feast. I said "Well, I don't know," but she said that she wouldn't hear of me not coming and that she would pick me up at mid-night tonight.

That night I lay awake fully dressed. Suddenly the window opened, shot up and I drifted out of my room through the window. When I was out of the window I saw the old lady on a broom stick. I was surprised but not frightened. Then, very quickly we were flying towards the coast. When we got to the coast we headed for Castle Island. On the way there I asked her what her name was, she said her name was Guthrum.

A few seconds later I saw the island and in the middle of it stood a great burning bonfire. Witches were dancing all around it singing and telling each other jokes. We landed softly on the grass, while I lay down on the grass she explained why I was here.

Finally they started to trade spells and I was given a few magic rings and potions, and I saw a few spells! I drank a little of one of the potions in the blink of an eye I was back in my room.

– Douglas Parker J4Z

## The Spell

A witch has put a spell on me. All of a sudden my nose felt peculiar as it turned into a big strong beak. My friends laughed at me because they thought it was a costume. then my legs grew feathers and my feet turned into claws and my arms into wings and I had a sudden urge to eat meat even though I was a vegetarian.

When I went into the house to eat dinner my father said "We'd better build a cage and buy a collar and an extra long rope for you, Johnny." My mother handed me a dead rat when all of a sudden I turned into a human and spat out the rat. I had turned into a golden eagle.

– Douglas DeCouto J4L

## The Wall

I stepped through the invisible wall and I was in a different place entirely. It looked as if I was back in time.

It seemed as if the end was near, for from the right around the corner came a large growl! A black bear came prowling round the corner.

It was a middle sized bear with a few patches of brown in some places. The growl came again, but it didn't sound like it came from the bear, which meant that there must be another animal. And there was!

It was a sabre-toothed tiger, which must have lived 15,000 years ago! The bear had only come two steps more and now he turned to fight! Then I remembered the invisible wall. Wishing the bear good luck, I closed my eyes, took four steps and when I opened my eyes I was back in 1984.

– Stephen Sainsbury J4Z

## Silky The Spider

Most people are terrified of insects such as earwigs, cockroaches, crickets, moths etc. They are also afraid of toads and spiders.

Toads don't have warts and spiders aren't bad! This story proves that.

'I, Silky the silk-spider, am awaiting all the fat flies outside my web. Below, cousin Crab-Spider just couldn't get any flies. Below him, the Daddy Long Legs had the same problem.

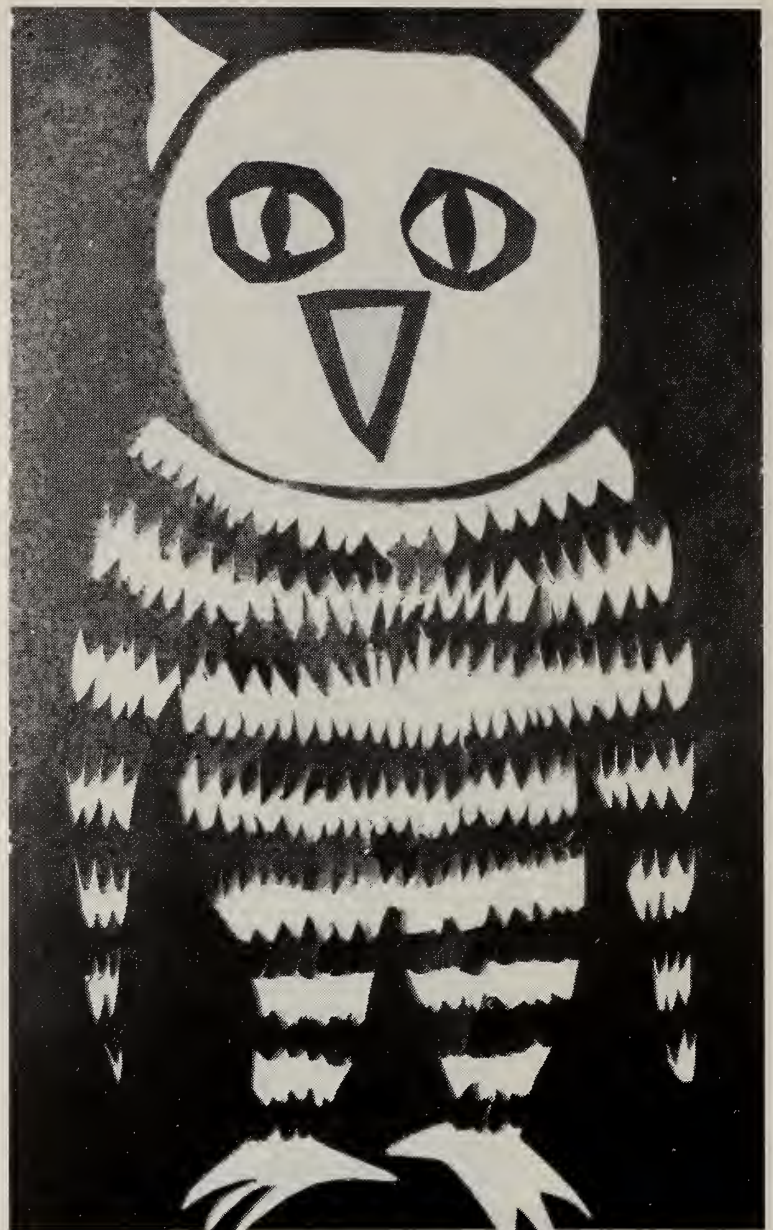
But, as all the flies swerved from poor Crab Spider – SPLAT – into my web they went.

I felt sorry for poor cousin Crab Spider below, so I told the nearest fat fly (who was very hot) that the spider below sold ice-creams. He flew down and got caught! Teamwork!'

Spiders ARE nice little creatures, except to the flies of course.

– Jonathan Bell J5B

*Kite by A. Scaife*



*Owl by A. Stones*

## My Most Embarrassing Moment

One day when I visited the Aquarium, I got out of my car and decided to try to walk along a wall. On one side of the wall was water, on the other, grass. There were lots of holes along this wall and as I got to the middle, I tripped. Splash! I was in the water. Some tourists who had seen me fall, rushed over and helped me out. When I fell in, my mother thought I had gone into the Aquarium. Was she surprised when she saw me, dripping wet!

– Robert Bray, Age 10, J5L

## A Fishy Problem

One sunny day I was coming home from school. I tripped over a very big crate. At first I wondered what was inside, then I read the label and it said, Genuine Mako shark. Store in a wet cool place. Please feed two tons of fish a day. Where could I find a tank big enough. Then I had an idea I will put him in the neighbours pool. When I came back in an hour. My shark was chasing the neighbour around the pool. I called marines they caught the shark and let it go.

–Michael Maughan J4L

## My Mother

4Z were asked to write about their mothers to celebrate the American Mother's Day. The stories were lovely, and any mother would have enjoyed them. Whether they would have recognised themselves is another matter.

Have a try. Perhaps YOU are there!

My Mum is small and weighs about around 120 pounds and every Monday she does Jane Fonda's Workout.

My mother is tall, has dark hair and has brown eyes and is fat.

My mother is five feet eleven inches tall, black hair, married, aged 32 and has green eyes.

My Mum is very generous, she is pretty and nice. She had my little brother. From then she got a little fat, but she went on a diet and grew a little thin.

My Mum has black long hair, three heads taller than I am... I think. She has hard ankles.

My mother has neat eyebrows.

My mother is crabby in the mornings, easy to lose her temper, but nice in the afternoon.

My Mother has brown curly hair and eyes.

My Mother is always putting on lipstick.

My mother has black hair and brown eyes and a medium-sized nose.

My mother is the best mother in the world. She is very beautiful. She has red hair, is trim, she is about 6 feet 50 (I think).

My mother nags a lot. She has a nice tan.

My mother is about 5 feet 11½ inches tall and weighs about 135 pounds.

My mum is the best in the world. She is about 6 feet 10 inches. She is tall and does not have to wear glasses.

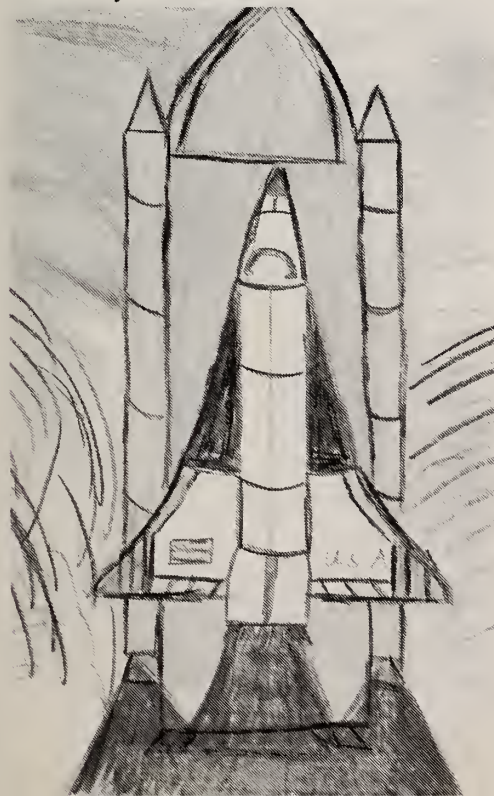
My mother has grey hair, blue eyes and big feet. She is about 120 pounds on the scale and is 4 feet high.

My mother is nice and has blond hair. She is about 9 feet tall.

### *The final accolade...*

My mother is cute, pretty and adorable. She doesn't work. At home she washes the dishes. She washes the clothes, bakes the cookies, bakes, washes the car, folds the clothes up, and wakes me up. She hears me read. She makes lemon pie for me. My mother works, she does a lot.

### *Rocket by G. Masters*



So he said he may come back to Earth again. Then he started to stride up the steps with his guards following him. When they got in the huge U.F.O. the door closed and the hum of the engine turned into a roar. Suddenly the ship leaped off the ground, the rockets blasted on, and the ship went speeding away and left a trail of fire behind.

by T. Lee



## The Aliens

One pitch black night I went for a walk in the forest. I was using my brand new torch. Finally I got to the middle of the forest where no trees grew. I was just about to turn around and walk home when I heard a roaring noise. I looked up and I saw a huge U.F.O. It started to lower itself down. Four doors opened on the bottom and the landing gear swung out. The second the ship hit the ground the roar of the engines turned into a hum. I quickly hid behind a tree.

A huge door swung down and two robot-like creatures came striding down the steps. When they got to the bottom of the steps they stood still and straight on both sides of the steps. Then four more came down and stood beside them. Then a human-like robot came down the steps. It was all silver with a laser in his hand. I felt so scared that I wanted to run home but I couldn't. It was like a magnetic force had stuck me to the ground. The silver robot must have been the commander because he sent two guards to search the woods. They started to walk into the woods. Suddenly they ran towards me. One of them picked me right off the ground and walked to the commander.

The commander told the guard to put me down. He asked me what planet he was one. I told him he was on Earth. Then he said he was a zillion miles from his planet and it would take half an hour to get back. He said he had to go back to his planet because he was ruler, and he had been away from the planet for ten weeks.

- Bryce Vaessen J4L



*Moonman by M. Outerbridge*

### **The Quest of the Dragon King**

I am a young warrior seeking for adventure. I am homeless. My master was a wizard. He has died and sent me on an adventure, I may never forget. So I might as well tell you of this great adventure.

Before my master had died he had told me to slay the Dragon King. Which is where I start. I rode my horse Philip, and we rode for hours till we came to a broad tunnel.

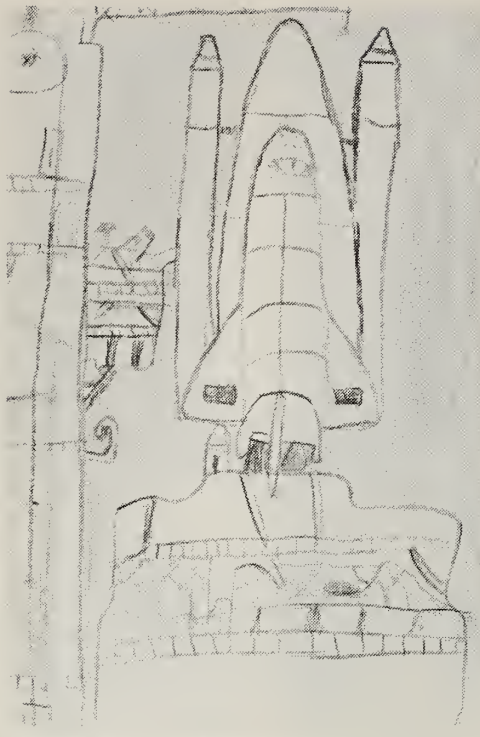
I dismounted and Philip and I entered the tunnel. Right in front of me was a lovely pool. In the middle of the pool was a rock. On the rock was a mermaid. Then the mermaid said "You cannot slay the Dragon King without the bow of wrath and the arrow of death". She handed the weapons to me and I thanked her.

Next I went into the tunnel again. Soon I came into a chamber where a pixie was sitting on a stool. She handed me a cloak and said, "You cannot kill the Dragon King without the Cloak of Invisibility." I thanked her and went out of the chamber.

Soon I came into a large cavern. In it was a giant. He gave me the Sword of Truth and the Shield of Force. I thanked him. Now I put on the cloak. I walked into the room. There I saw a huge red dragon. I fired the arrow, it hit the dragon in the heart and killed it.

I had killed the Dragon King! Yippee, I said.

I ran out of the room and to the pool. I told the mermaid all about it, and told the others too, and we all had a great celebration.



*Shuttle by S. Whitecross*

### **Winnie and the Boa Constrictor**

One Day when Winnie came from school he found a big box nearly as long as a snake. He went and got a hammer and took the nails out. The whole box fell apart. He saw a baby boa constrictor come out.

He heard his mother coming. She said, "Open that box." Then she paused. She said, "What was in that box?" Winnie's face went blue. Then he said "Um, um, um, um, nothing!" His mother went back in.

He snuck to his bedroom and stuffed the boa in the closet and went to eat his dinner.

The next day the boa was hungry. Winnie said, "What do you want?" It took a piece of chalk and wrote, "I want a man."

Winnie said, "Oh no, you can't eat a man. You're too small. I have a good idea. I can hide you in my father's old shed. Usually there are many rats in there. You can eat all you catch."

After school Winnie went to visit his pet. He was in a corner and only his head stuck out of the hay. He woke up and told Winnie he liked his new home. He felt safe in the old shed and happy because there were lots of rats in there.

– Stephen Whitecross J4L

### **Poems by Marc Boden**

#### **Birds and Trees**

Birds and trees are like flowers and bees  
They are always together like pals.  
Flowers and bees  
Are like birds and trees  
Cause they are always together like pals.

#### **The Slippery Dick**

A little fish called  
Slippery Dick  
If you tried to catch it  
Your hand would slip

### **Cinquains**

Short poems  
Think hard, write,  
Making a mini sentence  
Fun

– Ian L. Starkey J4L

### **Treasure!!!**

Gold, Silver,  
Lots of Jewels  
Hidden on secret Islands,  
Pirates.

– Robin Lang J4L

### **Monsters!**

Monsters!  
Huge, Scary  
Ghouls, creeping, killing  
Frightening, Vampires ready to bite  
Ghosts.

– Theodore Francis J4L

### **Rain**

Mud,  
Slushy, cold,  
Squeezing through toes,  
Fun to play in,  
Dirty.

– Bryce Vaessen J4L

### **Home-work**

Dreaded Stuff!  
Math hundred pages  
Takes up play time!  
Test

Magnus Henagulph J4L

### **Cats**

Fierce hunters  
Stalking its prey  
Huge, dangerous night prowlers  
Lions

– Michael Maughan J4L

Your hand would slip from the Slippery  
Dick

A Slippery Dick is a very slippery,  
slippery, slippery  
Slippery Dick.

### **All The Same To Me**

Hats and coats  
And bats and boats  
They are all the same to me.  
Walls and balls  
And halls and malls  
They are all the same to me.

## The Box

The large, bulky crate was a tremendous weight. It was only a 4' x 3' x 2' box, but it was almost two hundred pounds. The delivery man, though strong and sinewy he was, strained and groaned under the huge weight of what must, for now, remain named simply, "the box".

It was a bright, clear day, and Ralph DeCouta was soaking up the sun in the back yard. He was just beginning to get that suntan he had always dreamed of, when he was disturbed by a loud crash. He sprinted through the 5 foot grass, and emerged in the driveway. There, lying on the ground, was a large, bulky crate. "Aaah!" he said, "So dat' vere it got to." He picked up the crate, and carried it inside. The door closed behind him. After that, not many people can say what happened. But what everybody knows is that that night, violent and horrific screaming was heard piercing the bleak darkness. Not one person rested that night. That is except one. Mr. Ralph DeCouta, who was lad to rest forever.

The next day the police came round in answer to many reports of horrible screaming coming from a Mr. DeCouta's house. After a long, thorough search, the officers found nothing except a pool of blood on the floor of the living room, and an old, large, bulky crate, in the corner. Many people left the town, but those foolish enough to stay behind all died. It happened the same way, a package would be delivered, and then, during the night, someone, or something would steal upon them and murder them, never leaving a trace of the body. Until one day, when, taking a leave of absence from army corps # 13, Rudolpho Museli returned to his hometown. He put up for the night in a local inn. The night he spent there was untroubled. But his peace could not last for very long. The next day he received an unexpected package. A delivery man was asking for him outside the inn, with what seemed like a large, bulky crate. Being wary of this because of his knowledge of the mysterious deaths, Rudolpho ordered the package opened there. The man obliged him, and it was thus that both of them met doom. The old, cedar lid burst open and let loose a horrific thing as of yet unknown to man. Rudolpho Museli knew then what it was that had killed the inhabitants of the small town. He would never tell, for huge, razor sharp fangs sank deep into his sides, and everything went black.

The police found the bodies the next morning. Both the delivery man and the army-man-on-leave, were dead. The corpses were discovered a few miles off a derelict, old road. And strangely, a few meters away stood an old, cedar box.

After the men had reported their find to the townsfolk, the mayor of the people called for a meeting in the town square. As the mayor began to get onto the pedestal, the people already knew what he'd propose to do. The tension was so thick that you could have cut it with a knife. The mayor cleared his voice and then said in a loud, solemn voice, "My fellow citizens, it would seem that the terrible troubles that have befallen us have arisen only when this box is found. So under the circumstances, I propose that we destroy the box and whatever is in it!" There was a pause, and then a loud cheer went up from the crowd. Applause filled the air.

"Well then" said the mayor, "I hereby declare this hunt open!"

The next day, the men all lined up with their guns. And one by one, they set out. On the way to finding the box, the townsfolk met many hazards, such as quicksand, swamps, wild creatures, and poacher traps. But by far the biggest hazard would be the creature inside the box. Men found deer, rabbits, stray goats, cows, cats and dogs, but no crate. The hunt continued, well into the wee hours of the evening, and then – it was spotted. A shaggy, stench ridden creature standing over an old, large, bulky crate. The men fired, and the creature stumbled, and then turned and in a frenzied rage flew at the men who had hurt it. The men fled in fear. Trees whipped by, as the men ran at the topmost speed which their muscles could deliver. But their speed was no match for that of the monster which followed. The men tired and slowed, then, the creature took its chance. Two townsfolk fell, and were hungrily devoured by the grotesque creature.

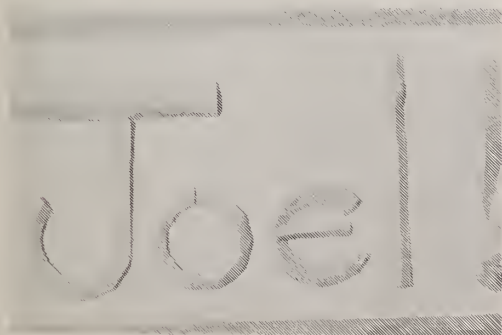
Behind the creature, a gun emerged from a cluster of trees. A cartridge was fired and the bullet pierced the right shoulder of the animal. Blood flowed from the wound. The enraged thing turned and attacked the men, leaving two gored on the path behind him.

An arm stirred, and one of the men struggled up. He was alive, but just barely. He saw the creature attacking the townsfolk. The knife in his belt was sharp, he felt it. Yes, it would do. He drew it from its pocket, aimed it carefully, and threw it with all his remaining strength. There was a brilliant flash of silver, and the knife found its mark. It pierced the base of the monster's skull. It turned, reeled and then sank slowly to the ground. The monster's reign of terror was over, the townsfolk had won, and again, peace would reign around the country of Transylvania!

– Simon Draycott



by Russell Gaglio



by Joel Froomkin



Bird's Head by K. de Silva

## The Bird

The beautiful bluebird takes  
to flight.  
Its wings relax and then pull  
in tight.  
It soars and glides and flies  
up high.  
Its wonderful blue form out-  
lined against the sky.

It flies on straight as an arrow,  
And eventually passes a big  
brown sparrow.  
It flies on, without a care in  
its mind.  
Its wonderful blue form  
against the sky outlined.

– J. Semos



*Peter Hind's Basketball*

As I can remember it, it was a fine day on the ocean liner but at night a storm raged and the ship went out of control. We were flung onto a jagged reef that cracked the hull.

I awoke with an awful headache, my face was buried in the burning sand. I staggered to my feet. After one hour, fear overcame me. I was getting worried. Then I stumbled over something. I screamed as I saw a human skeleton. After running about half a mile I started having stomach pains from hunger. Suddenly I heard voices!

I started walking towards the natives, suddenly I fainted. When I awoke I found out that the natives were friendly. They fed me and took care of me for two days. I was getting along well with the natives now. In the afternoon we went hunting. As we were trudging along I saw a path that someone had created. I questioned the natives to see if their feet had been used to make this path. They all shook their heads.

We crept through the tangling vines and old cobwebs until we came to a clearing. I felt a breeze on my leg. I searched for a secret passage. A native leaned on the wall with exhaustion. He paid for it with his life. He let out a cry of writhing pain and fell down with a poison dart in his back. He had sprung a trap but had also found the entrance. One of the natives lit a torch to reveal valuable treasures. Rubies, sapphires, diamonds, gold bars and silver bars filled the room. The next morning we found an archeologist's group. From here I left my friends with half the treasure and kept the other half. But I shall never forget them.

— John Richmond



*The Saltus  
Roof Garden*

## Snow

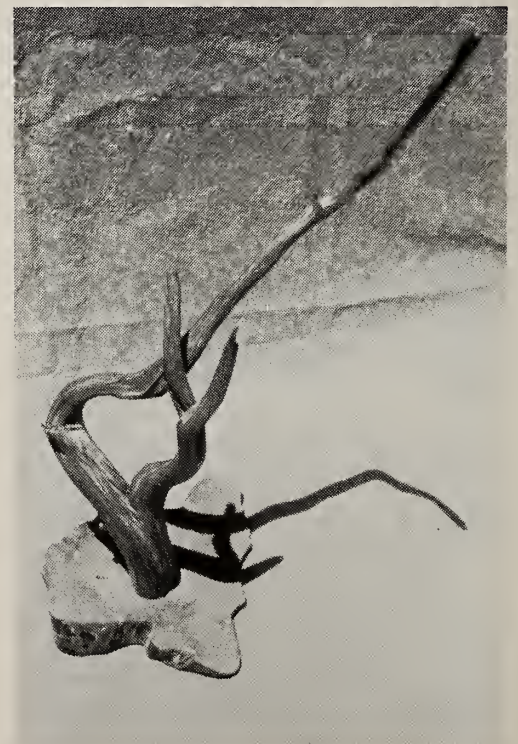
It had been two days now, without any snow. It was getting close to 6.00 p.m. so I decided to take one more look for the day. I opened the door but it was the same scene as before. The big maple tree stood bare looking half dead, the grass was still green, nothing had changed. I closed the door with dismay and strolled back to the living room. Dinner was ready we were having hamburgers, vegetables, and milk. We said grace and started our meal.

It was 9.30 p.m. now so we had to go to bed. I sat in bed thinking of the disastrous holiday we had had without any snow. It would be a miracle if there was snow covering the grounds by morning.

I opened the door up once more, to my astonishment there was snow! The big maple tree was no longer bare, it had snow on every branch and the grass was no longer green; it was pure white, sparkling like diamonds in the sunshine. I could not believe it. It was a miracle coming true.

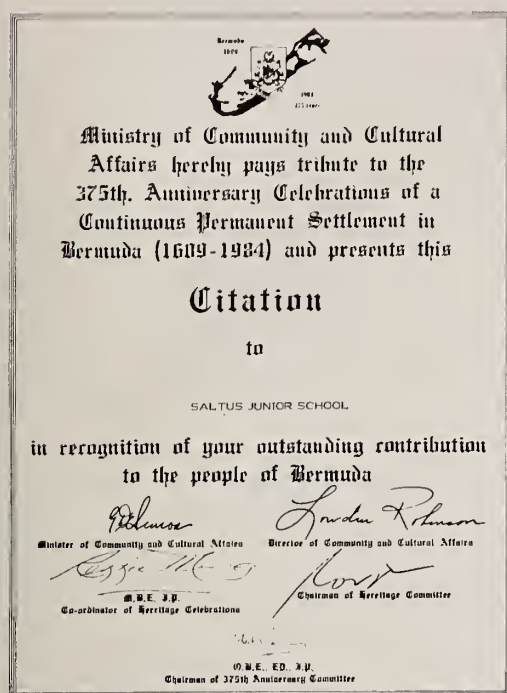
The day was no longer boring like the past three days. We built snowmen, we went sledging down the hill, we had snowball fights and we played hide and go seek in the woods. The snow had made a world of fun and beauty come true in the mountains of Vermont.

— Forster Darling J7S



*Shape and Shadow by Simon Van De Weg*

# WE CONTRIBUTE TO THE 375<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS



## A Report on the activities of the Committee of 25 for Handicapped Children.

This year to celebrate Bermuda's 375th Anniversary, we have all been quietly hard at work on an important project for the Committee of 25 for Handicapped Children. This massive project should bring in lots of cash when it's finished, so let me tell you more about it. All through the year, in Creative Writing lessons, we have been producing stories and poems about Bermuda. A special team of teachers, consisting of Mrs. Williams, Mr. Beasley and Mr. Adams, read masses of material then selected the best pieces to be printed in a book called "Bermuda - As We See It."

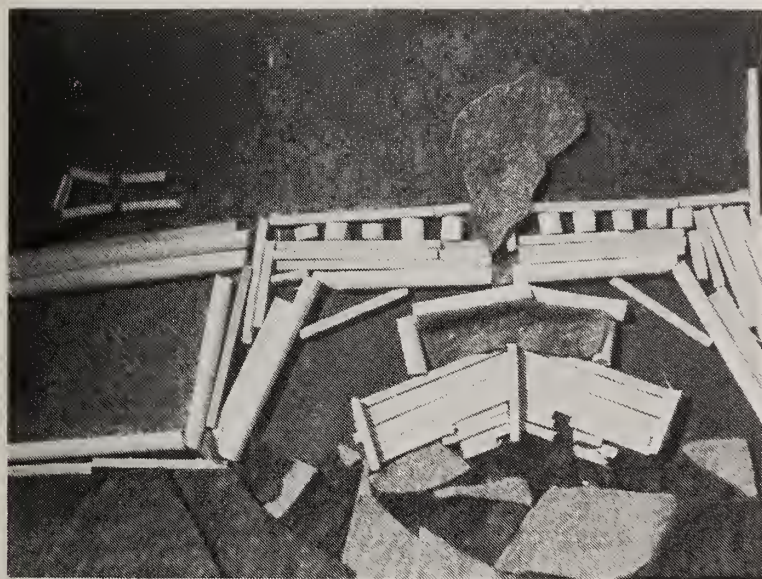
Our kind mothers typed out all the stories which were then passed on to the Art Department. Mr. Beasley, who was master in charge of the Art work, got together the most talented artists of the school and set them to work drawing illustrations to suit the selected stories. Pencils scraped across paper and all three teachers were surprised by the wonderful masterpieces we produced.

Our book will be on sale in the Autumn term and now that we've done our part, we hope that all the people of Bermuda will support this special project by purchasing the book! In this way, we, the members of the Junior Arm, will then be able to hand over the biggest cheque we've ever made to the Committee of 25, and thus continue to help all the Handicapped Children of Bermuda.

At Christmas, Mrs. Latter took charge of the sale of Bermuda Diaries and a cheque for \$750, profit from the sale of these books, was handed over to the Committee of 25 at Christmas.

— Guy Hamshere

— Jonathan Young J6W



*Somerset Bridge by Luke Fisher*

## Preparing for the First *Bermuda Gazette*

January 1784,

A date to be remembered forever more.

We are all set,

To produce the first Bermuda Gazette.

Behind these closed doors with anticipation we wait,

For Mr. Stockdale to set the final plate.

With tension, excitement, and breath bated,

For this moment we have waited and waited.

With a flick of the wrist the first sheet is done,

And for Bermuda a new era has begun.

Oh, Mr. Stockdale how happy you must be,

For today you have made history.

— Bobby Pratt Age 10, G6A

## Changes

I would like to change some things in Bermuda. We should build a better stadium, make school shorter and play time longer, bring in a lot of snow for skiing and hockey. I would bring in Macdonalds and Burger King, and mountains, and bring in supersonic jets for children and Airwolf and Blue Thunder. A bigger airport for Concorde.

There should be rivers, and streams, ponds and lakes. Bring in pine trees and also Christmas trees. A skiing resort. Grow different flowers. Get rid of cesspits. And I still wish the Normans were alive in Bermuda. They should make Bermuda a little larger because there are too many houses.

They should make night a little shorter and day a little longer, and put engines on your school bag and fly hom. Knights should be allowed to shoot arrows and fight with swords. They should make a jungle and put a fence around and put wild animals in.

— Robert Steinhoff

## Bermuda

Bermuda is a beautiful isle,

Full of Wonderful things.

The longtails fly and the people smile,

As the redbird happily sings.

The sky and the sea are a cheerful blue,

The sand is a colourful pink,

The cedar trees stand up, tall and proud,

With the berries as blue as ink.

I hope this poem will remind you

Of the lovely place where we live.

It's the country that all the tourists love

Because of the pleasure we give.

— Guy Hamshere Age 10

# JUNIOR CLUB ACTIVITY 1983-84



*The Gardening Club and the grass on the otherside!  
The Gardening Club won 2nd prize in the school's gardening  
Competition. They shared the prize with Cavendish.*

## First Aid Club

Under the guidance of Messrs. Dunleavy and Bissell, the following boys were awarded their Red Cross Junior First Aid certificates this year:-

Michael Batista  
Michael Davidson  
Christian Dunleavy  
Sean Dunleavy (Sen. Sch)  
Christopher Mutch  
Glenn Tucker  
Kamathi Warner  
Mark Wheddon

<b>Monday</b>	Orchestra Current Affairs  Drama Play-reading	Mrs. Pettit Mrs. Latter Mrs. Williams Miss Wilkie
<b>Tuesday</b>	Gardening Senior Games	Miss Armstrong Mr. Lever
<b>Wednesday</b>	Swimming First Aid  Pottery  Squash	Mr. Sutherland Mr. J. Dunleavy Mr. A. Bissell Mr. Beasley Mrs. Zuill Bda. Squash Club
<b>Thursday</b>	Chess  Drama	Exec. Members Bda. Chess Club Mr. Adams
<b>Friday</b>	Martial Arts Senior Games (Matches)	Mr. Z. (Skipper) Ingham
<b>Saturday</b>	Games Club	Mr. V. Ingham & fathers



*Grub Activity!*



*The four teams of Saturday's games.*

# COMMUNITY AFFAIRS

## Comments on the Activities of The Community Affairs Club – 1983/1984

We travelled to Mr. Barritt's factory all bunched up in Mrs. Harkness's car. Everybody thought it was so funny – but I thought it was uncomfortable!

– Justin Griffiths J4Z

Mr. Davis took us around the factory. We went into the canning room. Cans seemed to come from the roof, the walls and from all kinds of places!! The place was filled, absolutely filled, with cans! They went into a machine which filled them with soda. At the end Mr. Davis gave each of us a can of Ginger Beer, a ruler, a pencil and a hat. It was very exciting.

– Mark Randall J5B

Mr. Dunkley showed us around the dairy. He told us that you had to 'cook' the milk by super heating it to kill the germs. They get powdered milk from abroad. When the milk is 'cooked' it goes into two huge containers and then it's stirred up. Eventually it is put into cartons which are taken by truck to supermarkets, hotels and all over Bermuda.

– Robert Rego J6A

At the Aquarium we learned about Man's Impact on Bermuda. Man has made a mess of the world and he is also killing off the turtles. That's against the law! We heard about the tiny bugs that killed off the Bermuda Cedars. We saw Charlotte and Archie – the lovely seals, as well as turtles, lobsters, eels, fish and so many other interesting things.

— Steven Whitecross J4L



Mr. Raine's talk on the Inuit of Baffin Island was fascinating. We learned how people survived in one of the coldest climates in the world. We felt glad to be living in sunny Bermuda!

– James Lotherington J6A

Mr. Griffiths talked about the big satellite dish of Cable & Wireless. We are looking forward to visiting the Earth Station.

– Yuri Richards J4Z

The week before the tall ships came Mr. Clarke taught us about the ships. We saw Mrs. Latter's slides and learned to recognise the different kinds of ships by the sails.

– Christin Butterfield J4Z

## *We Made It!*

The entrants in the Market Place Fun Runathon with one of the two computers they won for greatest number of participants, and most money raised for charity. At the time of going to print we await the arrival of the second computer, and two others to be donated by the Parents' Committee.



# JUNIOR SCHOOL SPORTS 1983-84



*Some of the successful Swim Team.*



*The school Football Team.*

# THE SPORTS REPORT

The Junior School sports programme lasts from the first week of school in September until the final days of summer term. Trials for swimming and 6-a-side soccer start off the year. As usual our swim team performed very well in both the individual swim meet and the relays meet. Of 17 boys' events we took 10 first places, 4 seconds, 1 third and 2 fourths which earned us the Boys' championship trophy. In the relays meet our boys swam to first place in every one of the 10 events. Obviously, access to the pool through school and clubs is of great benefit.

In soccer our school teams performed creditably against area rivals West Pembroke, Dellwood and Mount Saint Agnes. In 6-a-side competition our two teams held their own but Prospect qualified for the finals. In 9-a-side league play we were outclassed by Dellwood and West Pembroke but beat M.S.A. convincingly.

A lot of our boys participate in races outside school such as the "Round the Town" 5 miler, the Junior races at Prospect and the Sir Henry Tucker mile. However, the intense competition at the inter school cross country usually proves too much for them and this year's competition at Ocean View Golf course was no exception. We fielded two junior teams and a senior team but could only manage a sixth place.

In February we started track and field activities through the 5 Star Award Scheme which enables every boy to achieve a standard. It also helps us to select competitors for Sports Day and the zone track and field meet. At the latter event many of our boys recorded personal bests and four of them qualified for the finals.

Six-a-side cricket continues to be a popular and exciting competition. Our team lost to Prospect and West Pembroke but won a thrilling game against Dellwood. As with other inter school events our players gained valuable experience for the future.

For the majority of our boys the inter house programme is a busy one. In six-a-side soccer Darrell won the Senior league and Saltus the Junior title but in eleven-a-side competition Watlington prevailed over Darrell, 3-0.

The inter house cross country races are popular with parents as spectators probably because every able boy participates. In the Junior (J4 and J5) event G. Mewett outpaced T. Outerbridge and M. Randall in 6 min. 24 sec. while M. Henagulph took the J4 prize leading Darrell to the team title. In the Senior race (J6 and J7) S. Moss set a new course record (5 min. 48 sec.) ahead of S. Henagulph and J. Richmond with C. Merrit the top J6 finisher. Watlington won the Senior title and Darrell won the overall team award for Junior and Senior combined points.

Thirty two teams of four boys competed in the floor hockey competition and in an exciting final Darrell #1 team beat Saltus #8 by 2 goals to 1.

Sports Day was pleasantly cool and many personal bests were performed by the boys.



*Rain Stops Play!*

Watlington came out on top at the end of the day with year champions as follows:-

J4: T. Outerbridge

J5: G. Mewett

J6: C. Merrit

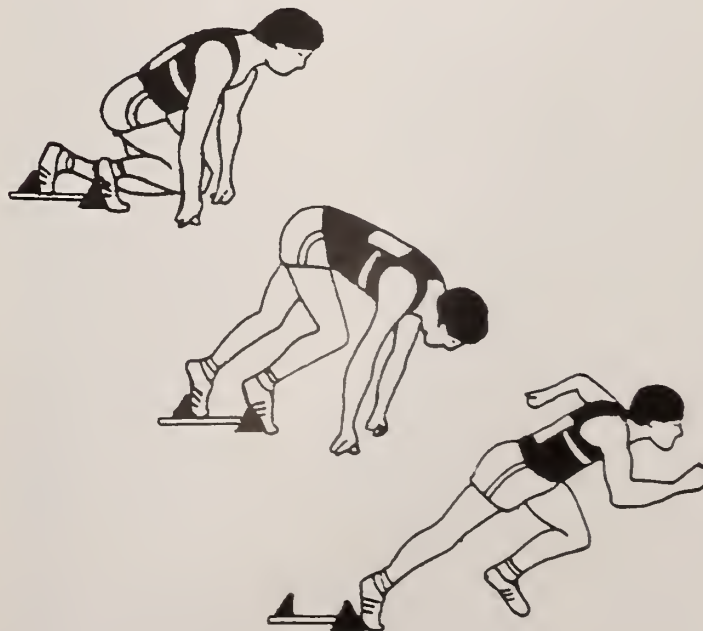
J7: L. Fisher and M. Hamill

Junior Champion: G. Mewett

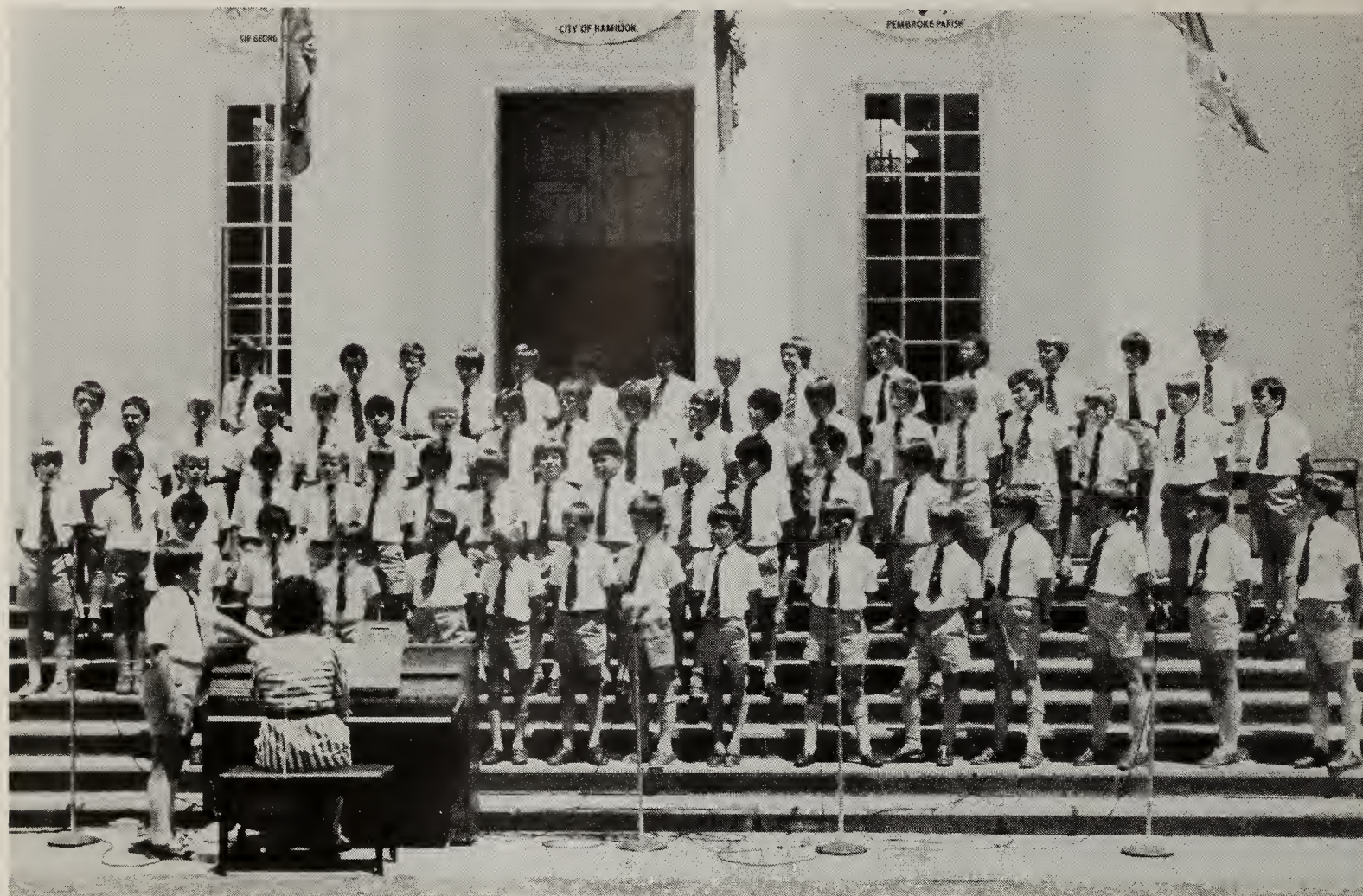
Victor Ludorum: C. Merrit

The overall house championship in sports depended on the last competition - softball.

After some skilful and exciting games, the final between Darrell and Watlington had to be decided on a tie breaking innings with Darrell winning 4-0 to clinch the title, ending a busy but enjoyable year of sports.



# JUNIOR SCHOOL MUSIC REPORT



*The Junior School Choir outside City Hall (Heritage Celebrations 1984)*

It has been another very busy year for the school choir, with rehearsals for "Joseph and his Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat" getting underway soon after our return to school in September. This was a highly successful production, due largely to the excellent direction of Mr. Adams and to the efforts of the Junior School Staff as a whole, who gave so generously of their time and talents to make this a very professional performance. Musically, the choir was supported on this occasion by Mrs. Davis (flute), Mr. Drummond (clarinet), Mr. Brannon (guitar) and Mr. Bishop (percussion).

The major event of the Spring term was the performance of Bach's "Magnificat in D Major" in the Bermuda Cathedral on Palm Sunday. Here, twenty-one boys combined with Saltus Concert Society Choir to sing this splendid work, accompanied by J. Ruth Lloyd Henderson (organ) and full orchestra. The Saltus Concert Society also performed Mozart's "Requiem" on this occasion, singing to a packed and overflowing church. It was a lot of work, but well worth while.

Saltus Junior Choir has been asked to sing at various functions throughout the School year; in Trimingham's at Christmas time, at the City hall for Heritage Week and in St. George's for the Heritage celebrations there in conjunction with the arrival of the Tall Ships. The latter was an event organised by The Junior service League, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

Instrumental studies in the Junior School seem to be heavily concentrated in the woodwind and brass departments due to the excellent efforts of Mr. Van Wie and Mr. Drummond.

I hope to encourage a greater number of boys to learn a

stringed instrument. Learning the violin, viola or cello is not for the faint-hearted. However, I hope that we can inject some new life into the school in this particular area, at the beginning of next academic year.

All boys in the J4 classes have been learning to play the recorder for the last two terms, and I am very pleased with their progress. They will continue this study in J5 and I would like to encourage as many boys as possible to purchase their own instruments.

Theory results were good this year with sixty-five boys passing Grade 1 – Grade 4. However, the toll is very high on both teachers and student when candidates leave revision until the last two or three weeks before the examination. In future, only boys who have learned certain topics thoroughly by the end of the Christmas term will be presented for the March exams. A list of appropriate topics will be given to all children, J5, J6, and J7 at the beginning of the new school year.

Before closing I would like to express my gratitude to all parents who have supported the school's music so generously throughout the year. It is largely due to the wonderful parental support which exists within Saltus that the boys are able to achieve as they do. Although I have many people to thank, I feel that I must make special mentions of Mrs. Donna Froomkin for countless tasks undertaken, often work onerous and time-consuming, and of Mrs. Eva Morgan and Mrs. Sharon Adams for thousands of words typed so willingly and so efficiently. Thank you all very much indeed.

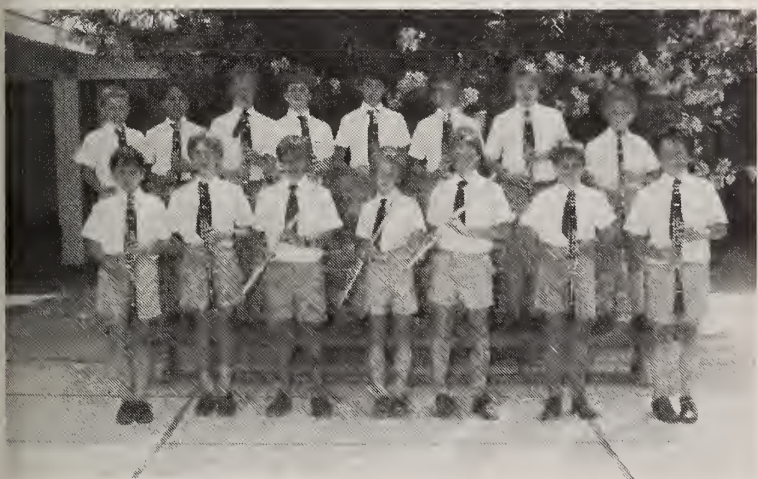
– Marjorie Pettit



*J4 Recorders*



*String Quartet*



*Woodwind Players*



*Brass Players*

## The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music (Practical Examinations)

VIOLIN (Grade 1)  
Nicholas Pettit

CELLO (Grade 1)  
John Harvey

CLARINET (Grade 3)  
Mark Booth

CLARINET (Grade 4)  
Christian Dunleavy  
Simon Draycott  
Sebastian Henagulph  
Zenji Ingham  
Marcus Kermode  
Jamie Leman  
Aidan Stones

CLARINET (Grade 5)  
Simon Draycott

PIANO (Grade 1)  
Guy Hamshere (Merit)  
Dennis Fagundo

PIANO (Grade 4)  
David Oliveira

The Music Scholarship for 1984  
was awarded to Simon Draycott.

## The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music (Practical Examinations)

### GRADE 1

Mark Adams  
Mark Bartley  
Michael Batista  
Robert Bray  
Colwyn Burchall  
Andrew Cree  
James Davidson  
Michael Davidson  
Lyle Douglas  
Marc Drew  
Neil Elkins  
Dennis Fagundo  
Justin Freisenbruch  
Montgomery Hamill  
John Harvey  
Elliot Hubbard  
Simon Leighton  
Jason Leseur  
Benjamin Lucas  
Christian Luntzer  
Scottie Ma  
Christopher Maderios  
Geri Mewett  
Christopher Morgan  
Michael Patterson  
Nicholas Pettit  
Mark Randall  
Patrick Singleton  
Barton Somerville  
Mark Taylor  
Brenton Tucker  
Tripp West  
Jeremy Wright  
William Young 5B  
William Young 6A

### GRADE 2

Michael Ashton  
David Brown  
Christian Dunleavy  
Joel Froomkin  
Guy Hamshere  
Christopher Harkness  
Zenji Ingham  
David Jenkinson  
Marcus Kermode  
David Morgan  
Spencer Moss  
Myles Orchard  
Sebastian Pedro  
Charles Popper  
Bobby Pratt  
Andrew Scaife  
Keith de Silva  
Gregory Titterton  
Simon Van der Weg  
Jonathan Young

### GRADE 3

Simon Biggs  
Mark Booth  
Mark Campbell  
Christopher Garrod  
Sebastian Henagulph  
Jamie Leman  
Sean Morgan  
David Oliveira  
Jason Semos

### GRADE 4

Simon Draycott  
Aidan Stones

# GO, GO, GO, JOSEPH...



*Joseph on the straight and narrow!*

This year's Christmas production was, as always, a great success. "Joseph and His Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat" was directed and organised by Mr. Adams and Mrs. Latter took care of the costumes and props. This was no easy job. But what would you expect when you're trying to clothe four J5 boys in veils, dresses, and very uncomfortable underwear? Also, Mrs. Pettit should be heartily thanked for teaching the choir all the songs that needed to be learnt, to make the show what it was. The fabulous set was designed by Mr. Kermode, and the four male teachers helped to paint it. Last, but certainly not least, a round of applause should be given to Mr. Beasley for making the beautiful colour cards which received many compliments and added some style to the show. On the subject of compliments, a lot of people thought that it was too short, which is a sure sign that "Joseph" was thoroughly enjoyed. The character Joseph was played very well by Guy Hamshere, and Anthony Montarsolo truly stole the show as his portrayal of the Pharaoh, with a strong resemblance to Elvis. And who will forget Potiphar's wife (played by Nicholas Swan) who sent people rolling on the floor with laughter. After it was all over, people from the cast and choir were able to see how they looked by watching a video, kindly taped by Mr. Solliss of the Senior School, of the whole play. All in all, "Joseph and His Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat" was a great success.

— Sean Moran — Napthali (one of the brothers) (7S)



*OH, MAN!*

## CAST

(in order of appearance):

Jacob — Andrew Scaife  
 Jacob's wife — Alexander Spearing  
 Joseph's Brothers:  
 Reuben — Scott Pearman  
 Simeon — Jeremy Wright  
 Levi — Forster Darling  
 Napthali — Sean Moran  
 Isaachar — David Brown  
 Asher — Nicholas Scaife  
 Dan — Mandellas Lightbourne  
 Zebulum — Christian Dunleavy  
 Gad — Scott De Costa  
 Benjamin — Joel Froomkin  
 Judah — Marcus Kermode  
 Joseph — Guy Hamshere  
 The Ishmaelites:  
 Lyle Douglas  
 Justine Freisenbruch  
 Christopher Ingham  
 Gregory Titterton  
 Potiphar — Peter Hind  
 Servants:  
 Michael Davidson

Rupert Henagulph  
 Simon Leighton  
 Jay Rewalt  
 Kristopher Taft  
 Jonathan Young  
 William Young  
 Potiphar's Wife —  
 Nicholas Swan  
 Jailers —  
 Zenji Ingham  
 David Morgan  
 Baker —  
 Christopher Brito  
 Butler —  
 Simon Draycott  
 Pharaoh —  
 Anthony Montarsolo  
 Girls:  
 Kieran Campbell  
 Jason Cook  
 Marc Drew  
 Barton Somerville



*WOW!*



*Joseph and the brothers.*

# THE EASTER COMPETITION

As ever we are indebted to several parents and friends who gave up their time to run this annual contest.



*Peter Hind*

## Floral Art:

Judge: Mrs. J. Cutler  
Workshop: Mrs. M. Wheddon

## Year Awards:

J7 David Brown  
J6 Patrick Murdoch  
J5 Keiran Campbell  
J4 Adam Booth

Miniature: Jonathan Young



*David Brown*

## Kite Competition:

Judge: Mr. Neville Dias  
Workshop: Jose Prado

Best Round Kite: Peter Hind  
(also winner of Agricultural exhibition)

Best Traditional Kite: David Madeiros

Most Original Kite: Forster Darling

## Easter Eggs:

Judges: Mrs. V. Gardiner  
Mrs. S. Marquardt

## Open Awards:

1st Aaron Oliphant  
2nd Bryce Vaessen  
3rd Chris Garrod

Egg Rolling Victor: Mark Taylor



*Aaron Oliphant*



## Class Awards:

J7 Aiden Stones, Shane Adderley,  
Carlos Amaral  
J6 Stephen Haycock, Derek Davis  
J5 Mark Bartley, Patrick Singleton  
J4 Sean Collier, Michael Parsons

First Airborne:)

Highest Flier:) Shane Adderley

## Easter Cards:

Judges: Mrs. V. Gardiner  
Mrs. S. Marquardt

Most Original: John Richmond  
Most Commendable Workmanship  
(for age): Myles Orchard  
Most Beautiful: Marcus Kermode  
Highly Commended

(originality): Luke Fisher

(workmanship for age): Wayne Jones

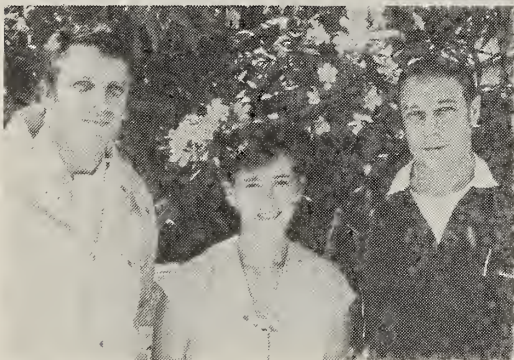


*John Richmond*

# PARENTS' PAGE



*Co-ordinating Mother –  
Mrs. Donna Froomkin*



*Some activity leaders*



*Reading mothers*



*Lunch service*



*Lunch play supervisors*

In an outstandingly active and financially successful year, we again acknowledge all the parents who, under the co-ordinating hand of Mrs. Donna Froomkin, have done so much for the School.

Our thanks to:-

## **The Reading Mothers:**

Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Collier, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Covey, Mrs. Fagundo, Miss Fleetwood, Mrs. Freisenbruch, Mrs. Gordon Seymour, Mrs. A. Harris, Mrs. R. Harris, Mrs. Harkness, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Lang, Mrs. Leman, Mrs. Lotherington, Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs. Mewitt, Mrs. Singleton, Mrs. Sainsbury, Mrs. Tufts.

## **The Lunch Mothers:**

Mrs. G. Redmond with Mrs. Adderley, Mrs. Benevides, Mrs. Covey, Mrs. Darling, Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Gordon Seymour, Mrs. Harkness, Mrs. A. Harris, Mrs. Hind, Mrs. Manuel, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Outerbridge, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Spencer Arscott, Mrs. Thatcher.

**Do'nuts:** Mrs. Booth

## **Field Supervision:**

Mrs. Benevides, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Fahy, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Kane, Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Manuel, Mrs. Riker, Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Spearing, Mrs. Morris.

## **Class Mothers' Committee:**

Co-ordinator: Mrs. Froomkin

Assistant: Mrs. Popper

with – Mrs. Ashton, Mrs. Benevides, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Covey, Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Gordon Seymour, Mrs. Y. Hubbard, Mrs. Leman, Mrs. Madeiros, Mrs. Marley, Mrs. Mewitt, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Mutch, Mrs. Schuman, Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Thatcher.

## **The Flea Market Committee:**

Mrs. Froomkin and Mrs. Popper with – Mrs. Ashton, Mrs. Covey, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Mutch, Mrs. Redmond, Mrs. Schuman, Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Thatcher.

**Class Mothers' Bookkeeper:** Mrs. Covey.

## **Voluntary Club Leaders:**

Mr. Z. Ingham, Messrs. Dunleavy and Bissell, Mr. V. Ingham with – Messrs. Corday, de Silva, Freisenbruch, Leonard, Marley, Merritt, Mr. & Mrs. Pratt, Mr. Steinhoff. Executive members of the Bermuda Chess Club.

## **Junior Parents on the Saltus Association:**

Mrs. Froomkin, Mrs. Marley, Mr. Henagulph (President), Mr. Lightbourne, Mr. Sommerville, Mr. Pratt, Mrs. Daisley, Mr. Hubbard.

**Maintenance in the School:** Mr. Lightbourne.



*Class Mothers Committee*

**THANKS  
TO YOU  
ALL!**

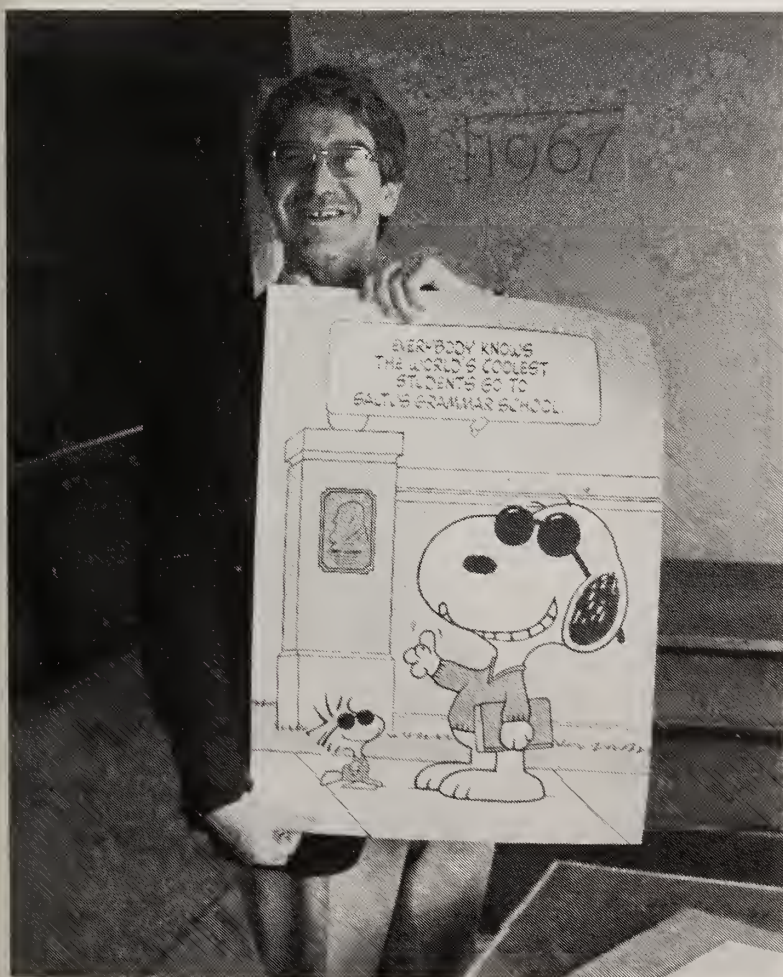
# ...AND GREAT, GRAND PARENTS!



*The Flea Market Committee*



*Some of our association members.*



## The Reverend Terence Abernethy

There can be few boys in Saltus Junior or Senior Schools today who will not remember the name of Reverend Abernethy.

For twelve years Reverend Abernethy participated in our Tuesday assemblies, first as a priest from St. John's Church, later as the vicar of St. Mark's. In the various functions associated with such assemblies – the publishing of results, the presenting of awards, badges, certificates, the sharing of praise and condemnation – he became very much part of our life. As father of two of our students, Matthew and Howard, he attended all activities and functions, helping wherever he could, offering praise, encouragement, sympathy and advice whenever he felt it was appropriate.

While we were delighted that he had been appointed to such a pleasant parish, the Junior School felt quite bereft when Reverend Abernethy and his family returned to England last January. We thank him and his wife for all their past support, and hope that their life in Beaulieu will be rewarding for all.

# A LESSON FOR THE FUTURE

*An Apple a day takes the teacher away?*



# MUSIC REPORT



It was encouraging to note that for the sixth consecutive year, Saltus has been represented in the band that performs at the New York Lions Convention in May. Patrick Cooper (invited back for the second time) and Scott Simmons were selected from Bermuda – congratulations to them both.

Carols for All seems to go on attracting more singers and even larger audiences. Last year was a record with over 450 tickets sold. Quite thrilling were the carols for choir, brass, organ and audience.

I was again pleased to see students from the Senior School playing in the orchestra for Bach's Magnificat and Mozart's Requiem, performed by the Concert Society under Marjorie Pettit's direction.

Much enjoyment was gained from Sweeney Todd, thanks to the combined efforts of Messrs. Kermode, Janes and Raistrick directing a very enthusiastic cast. Rule Britannia and Land of Hope and Glory have taken on new dimensions for me now!

I was pleased with how hard everyone worked for the Band Concert held in February. The solo performances were of a high standard and the Band responded well to quite a difficult and varied choice of music.

The exam results were encouraging with more students entering than ever before. Worth mentioning are Patrick Cooper's Merit in Grade 7 Oboe and Norman Hodson's Merit in Grade 6 Trumpet.

To those musicians leaving in Senior Year a special word of thanks. A combination of talent and enthusiasm for all aspects of the school's music has been in real evidence in their time here and their contribution has been most appreciated.

William Duncan,  
Head of Music



*Patrick Cooper and Scott Simmons played with the Lions!*



*Some real Brass Monkeys!*

## RESULTS OF THE ASOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC – THEORY

### Grade 8

J.P. Skinner, R. Stubbs, R. Dunn

### Grade 7

A. Jones, B. Lattyak

### Grade 6

M. Montarsolo, L. McKittrick, P. Moniz, D. Douglas, G. Cave, C. Dunn.

### Grade 5

J. Matthews, I. Walker, B. Simmons, M. Brewer, S. Dunleavy, S. Caton, N. Hodson, B. Huxley, D. Douglas, J. Davis, A. Clarke.

### Grade 4

G. Maule, J. Cornes, S. Kelly, F. Allen, M. Triay, Z. Moniz, C. Cooper, M. Azaro, J. Paradine.

### Grade 3

D. Bray, M. Nash, J. Carr, A. Zanol, M. Gibbons, M. Abernethy, N. Capewell.

### Grade 2

R. Smith, G. Maule, J. Perry

### Grade 1

D. Sanders-Williams, R. Sanders-Williams, H. Notman, A. Redmond, J. Burchall, A. McKittrick, B. Keyes, S. Pringle, J. Perry.

## RESULTS OF THE ASOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC – PRACTICAL

### Grade 8

M. Patterson – Piano

### Grade 7

R. Stubbs – Cello  
J.P. Skinner – Piano  
Patrick Cooper – Oboe  
with Merit

### Grade 6

E. Marchais – Piano  
W. Patterson – Trumpet  
A. Clarke – Flute  
M. Montarsolo – Flute  
J. Davis – Flute  
B. Huxley – Flute  
N. Hodson – Trumpet  
with Merit

### Grade 5

J. Young – Horn  
P. Cooper – Organ  
C. Davis – Violin  
I. Walker – Flute  
G. Maule – Trombone  
with Merit

### Grade 4

T. Paterson – Clarinet  
S. Dowling – Baritone  
with Merit  
P. Moniz – Violin  
J. Burchall – Trombone  
with Merit  
A. Zanol – Baritone  
A. Pettit – Piano  
A. Hubbard – Clarinet  
S. Dunleavy – Clarinet  
M. Azaro – Flute  
J. Paradine – Flute

### Grade 3

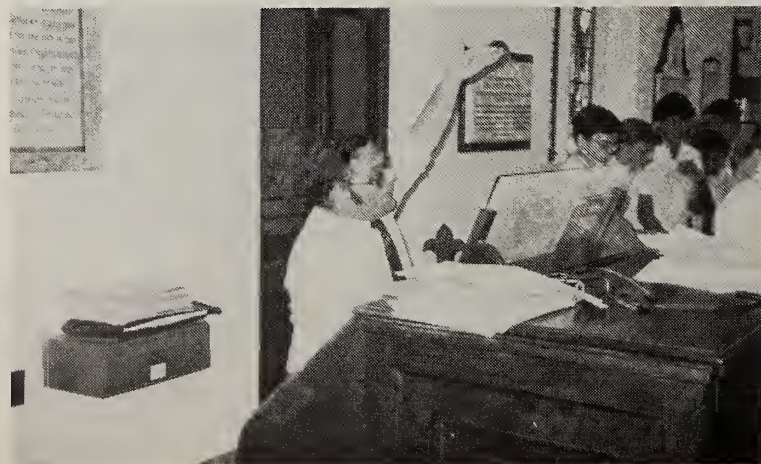
G. Cave – Horn  
J. Cornes – Horn  
F. Allen – Trumpet  
C. David – Oboe  
M. Nash – Flute

### Grades 2

B. Keyes – Violin  
J. Carr – Violin  
S. Caton – Cello



*The Vienna Boys Choir?*



*"I tell you, the one that got away was this big!"*

# DRAMA 1984

## "Sweeney Todd"

This year the Senior School presented "Sweeney Todd – A Shock and Roll Show" as its drama production. Following last year's departure into one act plays, we decided to return to the play with music formula which was so successful with "Dracula" and "Gunslinger". It proved to be a very worthwhile and enjoyable production and though it required a great deal of hard work it was very rewarding for all those who were involved in it.

Sweeney presented us with our most ambitious set to date. The setting was designed to suggest a Victorian Music Hall with a balcony which surrounded the acting area; this we constructed from scaffolding with the invaluable assistance of Mr. Andrew Cooper of Sea Land Construction. The flats were plastered with huge posters all of which were manufactured by members of 3H under the guidance of Mr. Evans. The finished result was very colourful and also was very effective when the stage was filled with members of the cast.

The Victorian Music Hall atmosphere was necessary to sustain the melodrama flavour of the production with an audience "on stage" who booed and hissed the villain thereby encouraging the audience proper to become involved as well. They certainly did rise to the occasion with spirited renditions of "Land of Hope and Glory" and furious booing whenever the villain entered!

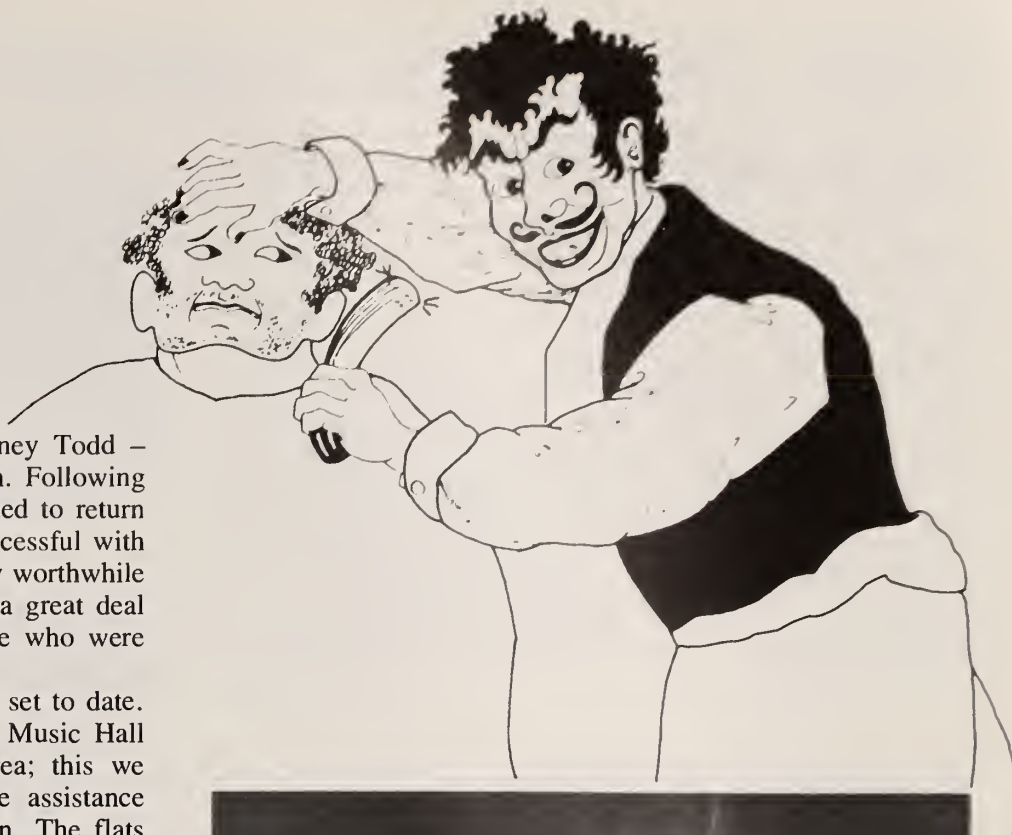
The members of the cast were drawn from all levels of the school and it was refreshing to see first year students acting so very ably alongside members of the Senior Year who were quite content to take often very minor roles. It was the first time that we had a group of Junior School students involved in the show – our Teeny Weeny Sweeney were very disciplined and very enthusiastic.

Obviously one tends to remember the major performances, but it is refreshing to note that in this case some of the memorable characters were really very minor: can we ever forget the senior Year lunatics, the diabolical magic act, the clown with the horn, the decrepit Grovel or Her Majesty Queen Victoria herself complete with basketball sneakers?

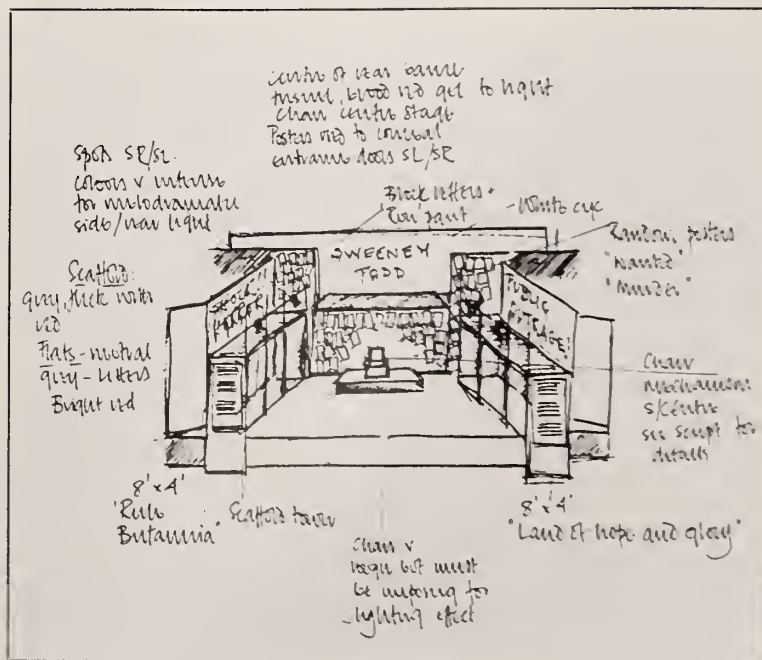
Scott Amos, our Sweeney Todd, was a constant source of distress to the directors almost up until the first night! Would he ever learn his lines? He proved to be an exceptional Todd and he acted with all the stage presence of someone much more advanced in years. Many members of the audience were amazed to be told that he was "only a third year"! We hope he maintains his interest in drama – and that he gets better at learning his lines!

Did anyone spot the deliberate mistake? The missing gun which is required to "kill" Mrs. Lovett, played so convincingly by Barbara White from B.H.S., oh, yes, Scott dropped the gun just before he was to have shot her and he was left pointing a finger in her direction and it wasn't even loaded! With enormous presence of mind, Barbara reeled around the stage clutching her throat and screaming, "Aaaagh, poisoned!" The directors were seen to be reeling around and screaming as well...

Next stop Hollywood!



Shock! Horror! Hold the front page!



The set design: a working sketch

# THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

This has been yet another good year for the Scheme at Saltus. The Governor, at a formal ceremony at Government House, presented eight bronze awards, three Silver and two gold awards to past and present students of the school.

Special praise must go to brothers Liam and Tim McKittrick (a former pupil) for completing their demanding Gold Award. Liam spent most of his summer vacation with the Young Life Camp in Canada in order to complete his award.

Five pupils from Saltus successfully undertook their Gold Award Expedition in the Lake District of the British Isles over the summer vacation but they still have to complete the service sections of their award before presentation.

A personal account of the expedition, which proved to be far more demanding than the candidates had envisaged, is featured below.

— Jeff Sollis

## IN SEARCH OF GOLD

As the aeroplane thundered down the tarmac and took off into the night sky, we all breathed a sigh of relief. The previous few months had been hectic, full of the necessary preparations for the trip. Mr. Jeff Solliss and Barbara Sollis, his wife, were accompanying Jeffrey Ryall, Robert Fisher, Allister Stewart, Richard Dunn and me, as we undertook an expedition for the Gold Award of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme.

That first night was spent at Debden Green Camp site, just outside London, where we practised our campcraft and cooking "skills" for the first time in an English climate.

After an early start the next morning, we loaded our rucksacks and supplies into the minibus that we had rented at Heathrow and began the nerve-racking 300 mile drive to the Lake District, with Mr. Solliss at the wheel. We arrived at the Lymefitt campsite in the early evening after a relatively uneventful journey, and we set up camp.

The next day was set aside for breaking in our boots and getting accustomed to the terrain. Mr. Solliss drove us to Glenridding and from there we tackled the nine mile ridge-walk along "Striding Edge". I found this hike over Helvellyn one of the most memorable parts of the trip and it provided an excellent introduction to the 50 mile expedition which was to begin two days later.

The second day was as hot and sunny as the first, and these conditions made walking with our heavy packs a chore. We were able to follow the maps carefully as we climbed Wrynose Pass, but on entering the woods, we found the hundreds of criss-crossing paths confusing and so we simply took compass bearings on the surrounding mountains and found our way by instinct. This, however, was not a good method, as we tended to walk in circles, and we lost precious time! After picking up some essential supplies in Ambleside, and studying Galava Roman Fort, we continued to our second planned campsite. We spent some time removing our boots and laughing at the state of each other's feet, and then we prepared dinner. The second night turned out to be much less comfortable than the first.

Both Allister and I awoke in the night feeling sick, and in the morning, only Jeffrey felt well enough to move on. At first we blamed the sickness on Jeffrey's cooking but we gave up this idea when we realised that he had eaten the most but was feeling perfectly well. Many attempts to contact Mr. Sollis proved fruitless so we bought some supplies at a nearby campsite and we waited. Eventually, after a day of slow recovery, we were discovered by Mr. Bill Berry, our assessor from England; he had been searching for us with Mr. Solliss. We were taken to another campsite just before dark and we set up camp for the third night.

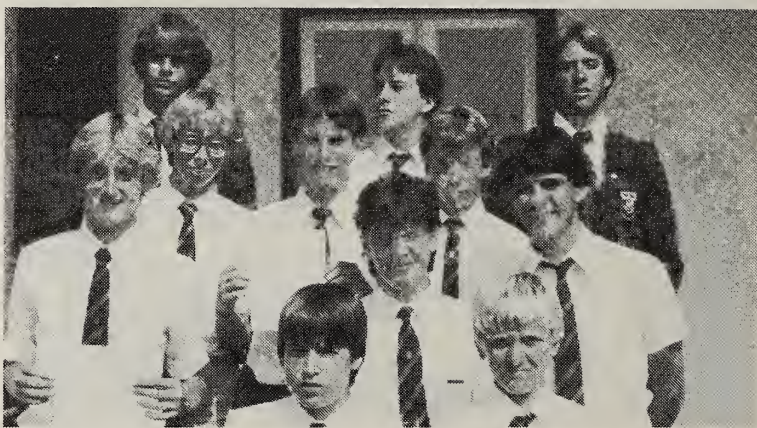
Due to our condition on the third day we were excused from



*Double gold for the McKittricks: Liam (left) and Tim (right)*



*Gold Expedition Squad: R. Dunn, A. Stewart, J.P. Skinner, R. Fisher, J. Ryall*

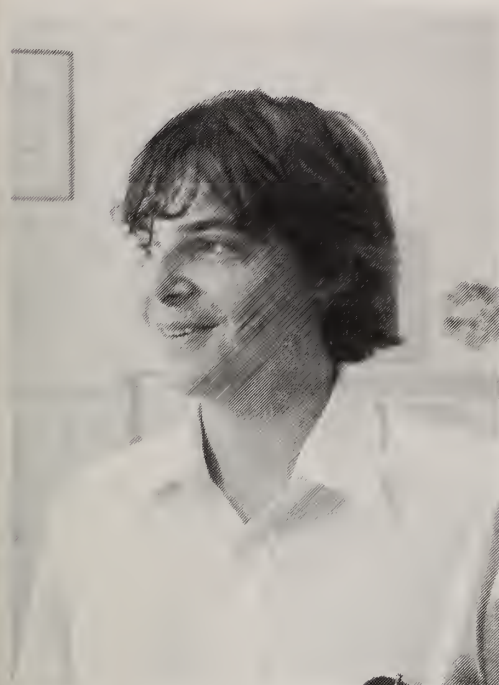


*The Proud Award Holders at Government House  
Back row: A. Stewart, M. Bacon, R. Morbey (Silver Awards)  
Middle row: J. Cooper, J. Cornes, S. Amos, A. Clarke, B. Paterson, J. Rego  
Front row: S. Simmons, G. Forbes (Bronze Awards)*

walking, but on the fourth day we were dropped off en route to complete the hike. Once again the weather was beautiful and none of our warm clothing or waterproofs had to be used. The home stretch seemed long and tiring but we did eventually make it. It was not until we had studied the last fort, Brocavum, and discussed the hike with Mr. Berry that we finally felt that it was all over. The expedition had been long and strenuous; had been hard work all the way, but the few moments of regrets owing to blisters, aching shoulders and general fatigue were easily outweighed by the enjoyment we all experienced. The scenery, the challenging terrain and the many moments of hilarity made for a truly enjoyable expedition and an experience which I am sure we will never forget.

— John-Paul Skinner

# CHESS CLUB



Andrew Whalley: Club Organizer

This has been a quiet sort of year for the club with membership standing at about twenty-five boys. However, there has been quite a lot of enthusiasm among the fifth year, many of whom seem to spend hours arguing over the merit of a particular move.

We are much indebted to the good offices of Andrew Whalley (5D) for the day-to-day overseeing of the club. He also contributed several new chess sets from South America for the members' use.

Highlights of the year were the visit of British Grand Master John Fedorowitz who, with the aid of an overhead projector, clearly demonstrated chess problems he had met in the past, and how he had overcome them, to an enthusiastic audience, and the Bermuda Junior Championship. The latter was played at Saltus on Saturday, November 26. The Open and under 17 cup was won by B. Rahman while the under 15's and under 13's went to Bruce Lattyak and Andrew Pettit, both of Saltus.

Derek Harris, the Secretary of the Bermuda Chess Association, has, once again, been very helpful to us by coming to play simultaneous chess with the boys each Wednesday lunchtime. I do hope that next year he will be well supported by an eager group of boys from the lower part of the school.

— A Pettit

## THE REISS LIBRARY

Through the efforts of Library Prefect, Peter Garrod, and his team, consisting of Bruce Lattyak, Schyler Dowling and Anthony Cannonier, the library system has run smoothly. Boys are beginning to realise what a splendid source of material this facility is and are on the way to making it a focal point for their learning. Between twenty and twenty-five people take advantage of the peace and quiet of a lunchtime session from 12.45 – 1.30 to read, learn and work on projects.

Those eager to borrow books are rather a small percentage of the school but there is always a librarian on hand from 3.35 – 4.05 p.m. to issue books and to give information on resource material.

New volumes are trickling in, though not in the numbers that I would like. This is partly because the response to this year's Birthday Book Scheme has not been as strong as it should. Only 33 Birthday Book donations were received between October 1983 and March 1984. This, on an annual basis, would be only about 25% of the parents responding to the scheme which is directly to the pupils' benefit; It would be helpful if we could improve on this.

The Saltus Senior Library is now a founder member of The Library Association of Bermuda, an organisation dedicated to upgrade library standards by pooling ideas and receiving information and guests from abroad. In connection with this, Saltus hosted a meeting of the island's librarians including The Hon. Gerald Simons, the Minister responsible, on January 27: They were impressed with our centre.

One of the next ventures will be to add to the periodical section and to make sure that magazines appear as regularly as possible. We also are eager to increase our stock of fiction amongst other areas. If anyone has suitable titles they wish to request, we will be pleased to consider them.

— A Pettit,  
Librarian



*Lost in thought, or just plain lost?*



*The... cat... sat... on... the... mat. Shane, please concentrate!*

# SPORTS



## PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND SPORT



*Mr. Jon Beard. Mr. Beard is responsible for the smooth running of the Saltus P.E. program. It is thanks to him that the boys have the best P.E. programme available in Bermuda.*

Physical Education and Sport exist together at Saltus and are entwined throughout the school year. They exist together because the idea of P.E. at Saltus combines the traditional thinking with that of the modern. We strive to achieve "a healthy mind in a healthy body", but moreover we try to show boys ways of achieving and maintaining this. It can never be enough to keep boys reasonably fit until they are 16 and then let them leave with no idea of how to maintain this situation.

The problem usually starts with the fact that "exercise" for many of our boys is the distance from the front gate to the main doors. Thus we need to educate them into a way of life that many find alien to them.

Thus, we are trying to help the boys to find a sport that can fill their leisure time in a worthwhile manner, worthwhile, that is, in terms of health and social experience. We live in a computerized age that is giving us more and more leisure time. How we use that leisure time will have a great effect on our lives.

Therefore our programme covers sports that are available to the boys when they leave school as well as while they are at school, and include: soccer, rugby, swimming, cricket, basketball, volleyball, badminton, squash, tennis, archery, weight-training, softball, gymnastics, track and field and cross country.

Hopefully, as they are given experience of these activities in their lessons and in lunchtimes and after school, they will pick up an interest that they can pursue, at some level, when they leave school.

— J. Beard

# BASKETBALL 1984

Basketball continues to flourish in the senior school. Both senior and junior teams enjoyed considerable success this year in league and tournament play. This was largely due to the level of commitment from all players and a developing level of skill. All those who played are very aware that success only comes with dedicated effort and many boys practiced in their lunchtimes and after school several days each week. Perhaps the most dedicated to this principle was Mark Mansi, who gave up virtually all of his free time to improve his game. Without doubt he was successful, becoming a key player in the senior team and representing the school in the All Star game at the end of the season.

The senior side had a very successful season although final league positions and tournament results might suggest otherwise. We finished third in the league losing to Chaffee and Warwick Academy with both games keenly contested and the latter defeat being by only a two point margin. In the Chaffee tournament we were defeated again by Chaffee but once again we put on a good show – Mark Mansi causing all sorts of problems for Chaffee and Ross Morbey (who had an outstanding season) playing extremely well in defence. We were again defeated by Chaffee in the Island Wide Tournament at the end of the season.

The squad was also very well balanced with ample cover in all areas. At guard we had Devrae Noel-Simmons, James Mason, Robin Hamill, Russell Dey and Barrie King. At centre Kirk Hamill and Reed Young and at forward Ross Morbey, Mark Mansi and Gordon Frazer.

In general terms the senior team made great progress this year. The results may not have been outstanding, but the effort and determination shown in many of the games was most commendable.



## BASKETBALL 1984

The junior team were extremely hard working in their approach with boys like Keith Hodgkins developing into good skilful players. Craig Morbey ably led the side and it was his outstanding play that brought about our crushing defeat of Warwick Academy in the final of the Island Wide Junior Tournament. This was sweet revenge for their similar defeat of us in league play. The juniors also won the first running clock competition beating all the teams that they played against. We were runners up in the league losing only one game.

Perhaps the main strength of the team was its depth. We had a fairly large squad with good cover in all departments. Jonathan Rego and Jonathan Cooper were solid in defence and outstanding in attack. Craig Morbey, already mentioned, had a tremendous season and looks set to continue this in the seniors next year. Norman Timmins and Keith Hodgkins were determined guards, always looking for the interception and forcing opponents into errors. John Burchall, Anthony Francis, John Driscoll and Damien Payne all played a part in this success and if they continue to develop at the same pace, it would appear that we will be a force to reckon with in the foreseeable future.



*The Junior Squad – some listening, some not.*

## SOCCER AT SALTUS

### 1st XI

The first XI started the season without any notable 'stars', and it is to their credit that they had a good season despite this. They worked hard, were a pleasure to coach and created an excellent team spirit. They defeated Berkeley, Northlands and Mount St. Agnes and lost four games. Throughout the season there was a constant effort from all concerned.

Devrae Noel-Simmons showed his potential as a 'keeper by performing heroics in the goal. Ross Morbey played his first ever season as a sweeper and quickly showed he should have played three years ago! Defenders James Welch, John Paul Skinner and Robert Stubbs had their first real season as soccer players and always gave 100%. Brian Morris' move to defence proved to be a cornerstone for the team and a plus for Brian as he was voted M.V.P. by the team. Unfortunately stalwarts Marco Zanol and David Mullholland were dogged with injury and thus unable to play regularly.

A four man mid field was the powerhouse of the team, and the king pin to all this was the captain Drew Farias who worked tirelessly for the team. James Mason gave a good account of himself all season and Mark Mansi improved the more he played, until by the end of the season his passing was as good as we have seen here.

With two players playing as forwards a lot of work is expected of them and all of the players used in these positions did exactly that. These players: Marc Bacon, Peter Brown and Robin Hamill were responsible for not only scoring goals, but also for setting up the others.

### COLOURS:

Re-Awarded: Morbey, Farias, Mansi, Bacon, Morris.

New: Noel-Simmons, Skinner, Zanol, Mullholland, Stubbs, Mason, Hamill, Brown, Welch.



*Top... Mark Mansi*

*Below... John-Paul Skinner – faster than the shutter of a camera.*



## INTERMEDIATE SOCCER

A season of mixed fortunes for the intermediate XI saw a mid-term sequence of victories of which the games against Robert Crawford and Warwick Academy were most memorable. For a spell the team produced some enterprising and imaginative football, and even in defeat the signs were there for a promising future. Keith Hodgkins had an outstanding season as captain and the contributions of Jonathan Rego, Derek Joaquin and Craig Morbey will be missed next year as they take their places in the Senior team.

### Full squad

**Goalkeeper** – Burchall; **Defence** – Bissell, Hodgkins, Rance, Timmins, Zanol; **Midfield** – Clarke, Marshall, Rego, Simons, Smith; **Forwards** – Bento, Francis, Joaquin, Morbey, Young.  
Coaches: Messrs. Durrant and Shore.



## JUNIOR SOCCER

### Squad:

Currington, Abernathy, Keayes, Triay, Lindo, Moniz, Dey, Cooper, C. Showers, Miranda, Johnson, Rans, McDonald, McKittrick, Pringle, Rabain.

What this year's Junior Soccer squad lacked in individual skill they more than made up for in enthusiasm and determination and, although the results were rather disappointing, much progress was made. The squad was captained by Michael Currington and it is to his credit that good team spirit coupled with obvious enjoyment characterised Junior soccer this season. Next season the experienced Charles Cooper and Dialo Rabain will form the nucleus of what is expected to be a strong side, as we understand that a number of good soccer players will be entering the senior school in September.

Coach: Mr. Ross



## INCIDENTAL SOCCER

A Saltus first occurred in the Christmas term when a Saltus "ALL-STAR" team took on a powerful B.H.S. soccer team, in a game that raised the pulses. It was played in front of one of the largest crowds ever seen at a Saltus soccer match – some feel that this was due to the fact that girls were playing, others to the fact that Mr. Beard's legs were on display – but in reality the spectators were probably aware that they were to be subject to soccer of a very high calibre.

A rocket of a shot from all of two yards by Andrew Mello (representing the school at sport for the first time ever!) gave the brave "ALL-STAR" team a narrow 1-0 victory.

In the annual Staff-v-Senior Year Game, an injury riddled

staff gave scant regard for the differences in age as they carved out a 2-1 win.

## INTER-HOUSE SOCCER

The inter-house competition was probably the best we have seen in recent years. Hard work by House Masters and House Captains usually saw full sides fielded by both sides – and although the soccer played may not have been World Cup standard, it was keenly competitive and seemingly much enjoyed by all who played. Darrell won the senior trophy and Watlington the junior.



## SALTUS SENIOR RUGBY

Saltus Senior Rugby has enjoyed a highly successful season. The school was undefeated in the full Fifteen-A-Side League, amassing 145 points to only 22 points against. Not only did they retain the B.S.S.F. League by defeating old rivals M.S.A. 63-0 in the last game, they were also convincing winners of the U-17 section of the Whitney Seven-A-Side Tournament.

Some of the team's success is founded in the fact that some of the boys started playing mini rugby at Nationals over ten years ago and we are now benefitting from that experience.

We had an excellent pack of forwards, ably led by Captain Richard Dunn. We were able to gain good line-out possession due to our three tall jumpers of Massey, Dunn and Stewart. Experienced Ryall at Hooker did an excellent job in the scrums, well supported by props Golding, Brangman – who was unfortunately injured but ably replaced by Martin and then Mullholland in that highly successful last game.

Our half back combination of McKittrick and Morbey was later replaced by Bacon and Skinner. McKittrick's spoiling talents were much better utilized from the wing forward position where he was ably supported by Stubbs. Morbey's strong powerful running was much more dangerous from the centre than out half. We had other excellent backs in Dowling who is a solid tackler as well as being a powerful runner. Petty and Smith were speedy wingers with Welch always willing to be reserve. Hamill at full back with his excellent running and handling skills rounded out this good backline and competent team.

I am very grateful to Mr. Richard Raistrick for his time and coaching talents especially when he was so busy with the school play. Watching him motivate and "warm up" the team before each game was an unforgettable experience and made me value a younger man. I would also be remiss if I did not thank Mr. David Harrison for all his hard work in coaching the U-14 boys and thanks, of course, to Mr. Jon Beard.

– V. Evans

## JUNIOR RUGBY

The Junior Rugby Squad was both rich in numbers and experience this year, and after early season training, eager to tackle any opposition. However, it was disappointing for our boys to discover that only two other schools were participating in the league this year and that only Whitney had both an 'A' and 'B' Team.

All the games were played in a sporting fashion and it was clear that the skills of the game were developing.

The most exciting afternoon was when two games were running concurrently on Saltus Field against Whitney and supporters found it difficult to decide which game to watch, as our boys played with skill and determination to overcome both Whitney teams, which were made up of some talented athletes.

The Whitney teams were ready for us in the return games and we were not so successful.

The 'A' team played Warwick Academy, losing at home, but drawing away in a tense game in which we saw a good deal of forceful running with the ball. A fine exponent of this type of game was our captain, Sean Simmons, who had a very promising season.

With the degree of enthusiasm and talent demonstrated this year, Saltus can feel confident that the Senior team will be well supplied with fine recruits during the next few years.

– Dave Harrison Junior Coach



*Mr. Raistrick gives a few final coaching tips.*



*Above... John-Paul sets up another Saltus attack.*

*Below... Ross Morbey scores against Warwick Academy.*



## 1984 WHITNEY SEVENS

Saltus came away from the 24th Annual Whitney Sevens with the U-17's cup. A very spirited and well-organised Senior team played some excellent rugby, beating Whitney 27-3, in the final.

The Senior Team was: Dunn (Capt.), Mulholland, Stubbs, Bacon, Skinner, Dowling and Morbey.

The curtain-raiser to the Senior Final had been the final of the U-15 competition. It was in this match that the Saltus U-15's team put on one of the best performances of the afternoon. It took two periods of sudden-death extra time before rivals Whitney managed to gain the winning try to make the score 8-4.

The U-15's enthusiasm, determination and spirit were a credit to the school. The 'A' squad was: Cooper, Amos, Rego, Clarke, Morbey, Timmins, Jones and Francis.



*The U-15s after their narrow defeat in the Whitney Sevens.*

## SENIOR VOLLEYBALL

Our Senior Volleyball side had another undefeated season as they retained their championship trophy. Examinations prevented the team from training together as often as they would have liked, but the hard work of previous years, together with good use of the time available helped produce reasonably fluent team work. The all-round ability of team captain Marc Bacon was a cornerstone to their success, as was the spiking and general play of Mark Mansi (particularly once Mark at last realized he had been "digging" incorrectly for the last two seasons!). These two were well supplied with "sets" from Robert Stubbs, who also helped the powerful spiking of Ross Morbey and Corin Smith. John Paul Skinner and Dave Massey (who willingly spent their spare time at the beach honing their skills!) produced all-round performances that complemented the others. It should be noted that Robin Hamill, who has been a mainstay of the side throughout the school was forced to miss the season due to one of his now infamous arm fractures! We hope by the time he reads this he is fully recovered.

In the tournament Marc Bacon was unable to play and so Mark Mansi took over the job of captain, and led the team to their first tournament win in three years.

Our "B" team rounded out the year with a convincing display to win the "B" team tournament as undefeated champions. The team, led by Brian Morris, included: Devrae Noel-Simmons, Liam McKittrick, Richard Dunn, Barry King.

COLOURS: Re-awarded: Mark Bacon, Mark Mansi, Robert Stubbs, Corin Smith.

New: Dave Massey, Ross Morbey.



*Above... The Senior Team*

*Below... The Junior Team*



**JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL** The hard work of our Juniors brought splendid results: as our "A" team finished as league and tournament champions; and, just as their senior counterparts, were undefeated. Their splendid attacking game was challenged really only twice, in both cases against Northlands. The resulting games were some of the best of the season and our eventual win against them in the tournament final was regarded by some spectators as the best Junior game they have seen.

Team captain Jonathan Cooper's defensive skills, were complemented by those of John Rego whose awesome spiking

was only matched towards the end of the season by Michael G. Davis. These two were helped considerably by the accurate "setting" of Keith Hodgkins and Andrew Clarke. The all-round ability, and serving power, of Norman Timmins rounded off a very competent, and successful team.

Our "B" team was also undefeated and of particular pleasure was their success in winning the "B" team tournament. As the season progressed, they developed into a well-organised skilful unit, led by Anthony Francis and included: Scott Amos, John Driscoll, Grant Forbes, Brian Mello, Damian Payne, Craig Morbey and Chris Marshall.

# BAD PLANNING LEADS TO EXCESSIVE DEMANDS ON RUNNERS! SHOCK!! HORROR!

The track events proved to be exciting and in most cases very competitive again this year. It was a dim day with the sky thick with clouds but fortunately the rain held off. Some of the races and field events were held days earlier because of the limited time available on sports day but this did little for the senior long distance runners who had to run the 800 metres, 1500 metres and the 3000 metres all the same afternoon. The cool weather was ideal for running however and these events were most entertaining.

Prior to sports day Mr. Beard was asked to name some athletes who might perform well and who could be interviewed for their opinions. (*See editorial comment below*).

## Beard's Pre-Race Favourites

Jon Beard's early prediction that Ross Morbey would win the "Victor Ludoram" proved quite accurate, although he did suggest that Mark Mansi could be in with a chance if he had entered the correct events. Beard stated that he should have entered the high jump, pole vault and javelin and in track events, any race that Ross Morbey had not entered. "He should simply avoid any event that Ross is entered in", said Beard.

He was not so sure with regards to the intermediate champion, but picked Craig Morbey and Norman Timmins as favourites. Craig Morbey clearly had the edge as he excelled at both Track and Field events.

In the Junior section he picked Donald Bray as favourite, a selection which again proved correct.

Timmy Brewer broke the school javelin record of 41.15 metres by throwing the javelin 41.47 metres. "It was nice to break a school record in my last year at Saltus" he said. Ironically he almost did not compete in the event because someone else wanted to. A lucky break for Saltus House that he did.

## Bad Timing

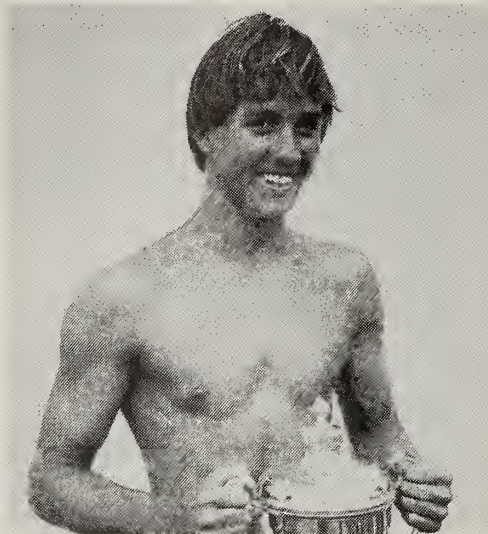
Many events were completed before the actual sports day. Many competitors were against this and felt that all events should be competed on sports day. They felt that sports day should be scheduled over a whole day and events especially running events should be better spaced to allow competitors lengthier rest periods between events. I think that it is a good idea to have some events before sports day especially heats to races. However all field events wherever feasible should be competed on sports day as they don't physically

drain a competitor and they are events which spectators enjoy to watch.

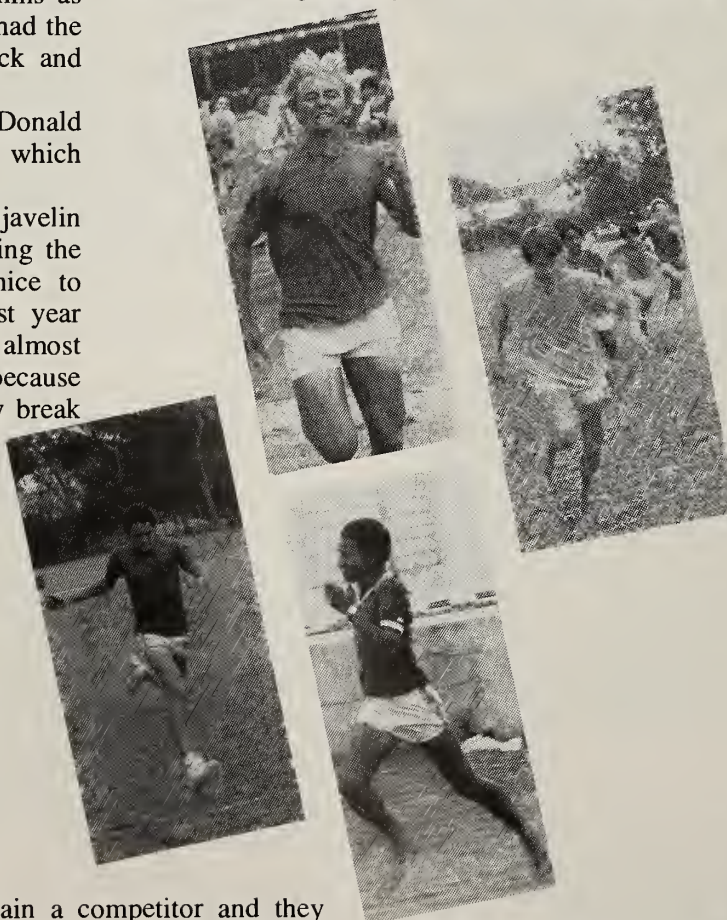
Even though it was better this year, there must be more time allotted between races. There are examples where a competitor has just won a close race and then is called 5 minutes later to his next

race. There should be an hours difference between individual track events. This would be possible if a whole day was used to perform sports day.

— By Ace Reporter  
Norman Timmins



Ross and Craig Morbey — Senior and intermediate champions.



## Who Says Teachers Don't Have Any Pull?

The Staff Tug-O-War Team defeated the Senior Year Team by winning two out of the three matches. In the first 'pull', Gary Brangman, the senior year team's anchorman, slipped causing the staff to steal the first match. In the second 'pull' senior year overpowered the staff with a rapid 'snatch' which caught the staff by surprise. Mr. Durrant, the staff lead pull also slipped and suffered severe rope burns in a gallant effort to hang on. Miraculously, he was able to lead the staff in the third and deciding 'pull'. This was a long drawn out match with neither side gaining much ground after considerable time. Eventually the outstanding skill and stamina of the ever youthful and energetic staff overcame the rapidly tiring senior year and victory was theirs.





Michael Davis, Timmy Brewer and Norman Timmins.

## Over The Top

The school high jump record of 1.73m was nearly broken by Michael G. Davis of Saltus House. High jump, which was competed before Sports Day, was clearly Michael's event. After his competitors couldn't clear 1.50m, the bar was raised to 1.70m which Michael cleanly cleared with his first jump. The bar was then raised to 1.74m to try and better the school record. He narrowly missed his first two attempts scarcely knocking the bar down both times. Before his third and final attempt he waited for a few moments to concentrate on his jump. However he wasn't successful on his third event with his shoulder hitting the bar. He said that he was simply concentrating in placing his foot in the correct position but unfortunately his casual flop style over the bar wasn't good enough to thrust him over the bar for the school record.

In 1982 Michael went to the Bahamas to compete in a track and field meet along with other Bermuda juniors. He entered the events of high jump, discus and javelin. He excelled at these games by winning the 12-13 division in both discus and high jump in which he cleared 5 feet. In the javelin he beat the old record of 75ft by throwing 105ft. Unfortunately he was beaten by Michael Rayner who threw approximately 115ft.

Michael Davis' future should be looked forward to with great anticipation as he has already shown great potential.



The agony and the ecstasy.

## WINNERS TRACK

### 100m

Junior: Donald Bray (B) 13.7 secs, Intermediate: Derek Joaquin (W) 12.31, Senior: Ross Morbey (B) 12.08

### 200m

Junior: D. Bray (B) 28.09, Intermediate: Craig Morbey (B) 25.01, Senior: Schyler Dawling (D) 26.38

### 400m

Junior: D. Bray (B) 1:07.28, Intermediate: C. Morbey (B) 57.90, Senior: J. P. Skinner (B) 56.72

### 800m

Junior: Paul Johnson (D) 2:34.94, Intermediate: Norman Timmins (S) 2:16.16, Senior: Marco Zanol (W) 2:15.86

### 1500m

Junior: P. Johnson (D) 5:45.58, Intermediate: Sean Simons (S) 4:53.21, Senior: M. Zanol (W) 4:58.21

### 3000m

Junior: P. Johnson (D) 12:38.96, Intermediate: S. Simons (S) 10:10.42, Senior: M. Zanol (W) 10:58.25

## RELAYS

### 4 x 400

Junior: Watlington 5:08.77, Intermediate: Saltus 4:16.74, Senior: Darrell 4:17.12

### 4 x 100

Junior: Darrell 1:02.37, Intermediate: Watlington 53.52, Senior: Butterfield 49.50

## FIELD EVENTS

### Pole Vault

Junior: Christopher Klein (W) 5ft 9in, Intermediate: Craig McIntyre (B) 7ft 8½in, Senior: Allistair Stewart 8ft 2in

### High Jump

Junior: Anthony Smith (B) 4ft 7in, Intermediate: Michael Davis (S) 5ft 7in, Senior: Mark Mansi (D) 5ft 7in

### Long Jump

Junior: D. Bray (B) 14ft 4½in, Intermediate: C. Morbey (B) 17ft 3in, Senior: R. Morbey (B) 19ft 4½in

### Triple Jump

Junior: A. Smith (B) 30ft 5in, Intermediate: C. Morbey (B) 39ft 6in, Senior: R. Morbey (B) 38ft 1in

### Discus

Junior: Matthew Brewer (B) 92ft 6½in, Intermediate: M. Davis (S) 115ft 3in, Senior: Gordon Frazer (B) 88ft 5in

### Javelin

Junior: Paul Lindo (D) 71ft 10in, Intermediate: Timothy Brewer (S) 136ft 0½in new record, Senior: Andrew Farias (B) 116ft 5½in

### Shot

Junior: M. Brewer (B) 32ft, Intermediate: T. Brewer (S) 36ft 8in, Senior: R. Morbey (B) 37ft 0½in new record

## GROUP CHAMPIONSHIPS

Junior: Donald Bray (B), Intermediate: Craig Morbey (B), Senior and defending Victor Ludorum: Ross Morbey

Winning House: Butterfield

## SWIMMING

For the seventh successive year Saltus dominated the inter-school meet, winning all the age group sections. All of the boys performed admirably and their behaviour was again impeccable.

The swim team was: Ross Morbey, Michael Jeffrey, Reed Young, Mark Mansi, Craig Morbey, Kevin Mayall, Jamie Cornes, Scott Amos, Tom Chasser, Matthew Brewer, Fraser Allen, Charles Cooper, Ben Keayes and Paul Lindo.

This meet was followed by a relay meet at Warwick Academy in which our teams won every event. This was closely followed by the All-Star meet in which Saltus made up the majority of the male east team, who eventually ended up as worthy winners.

At the inter-house level, Watlington again won the Amos cup in what was a very well contested meet. In the water polo competition Butterfield emerged as Senior winners and Saltus as junior winners.

How long we at Saltus can continue to dominate this sport is of course open to conjecture; however, as long as our swimmers continue to train hard both in school and at their clubs, we should do well.

## BADMINTON

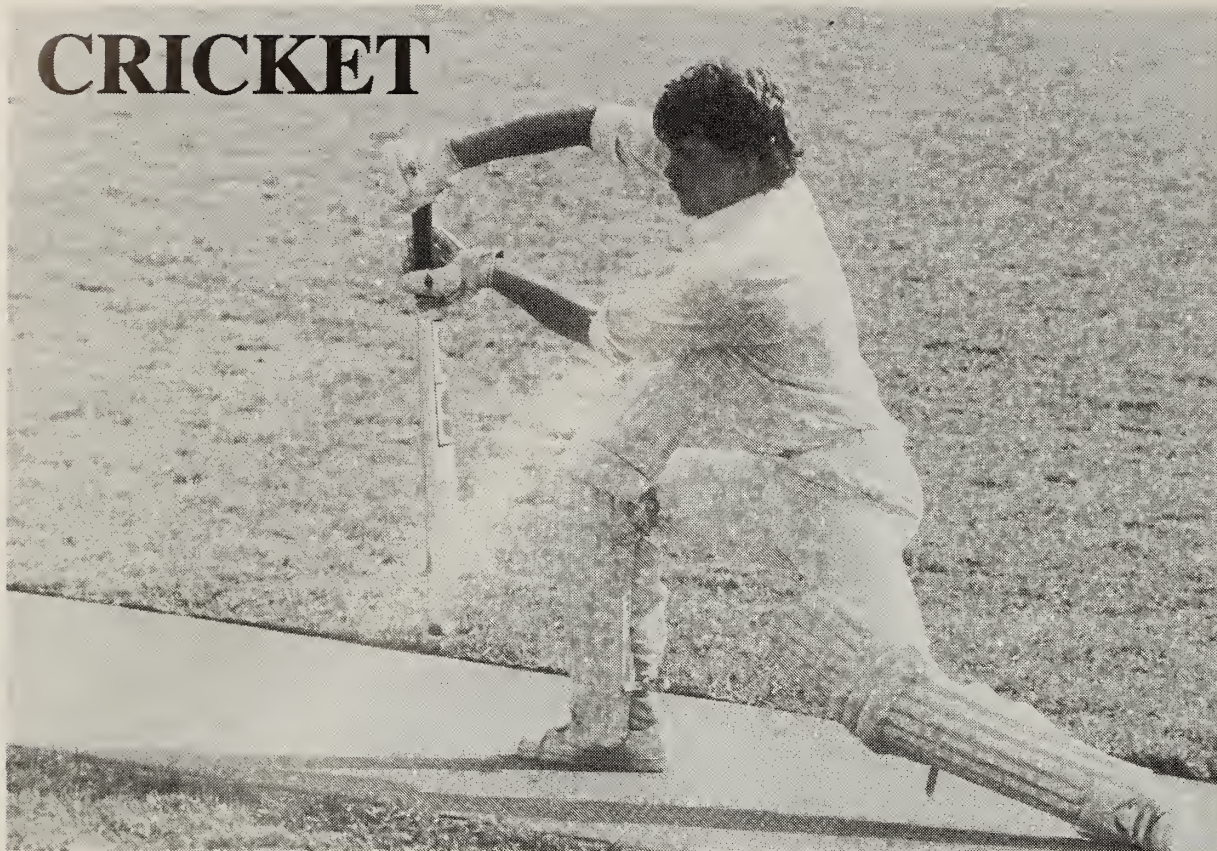
The badminton Club has continued to thrive this year with increased participation at all levels of the school. Particularly encouraging was the large number of juniors who demonstrated not only enthusiasm but a degree of competence which bodes well for the future.

Inter-school matches were played against Warwick Academy (won) and Whitney Institute (drawn), and a creditable performance was put up by all who participated in the inter-school competition at B.A.A. Special mention must be made of Gary Brangman, our captain, who leaves us this year having made a valuable contribution to the development of badminton in the school.

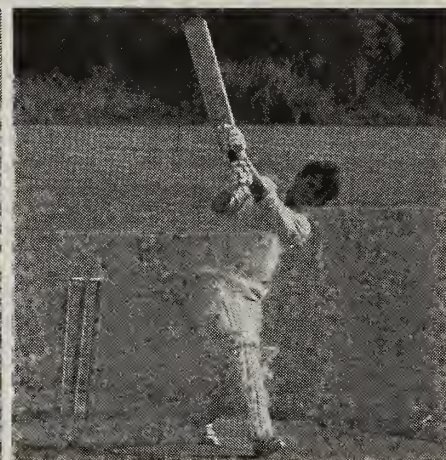
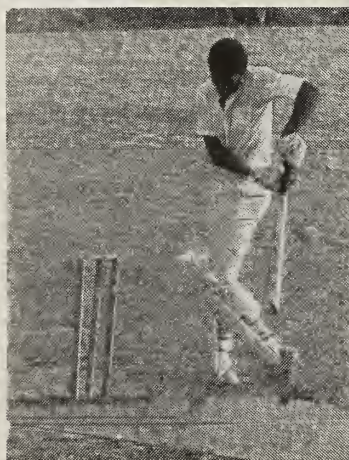
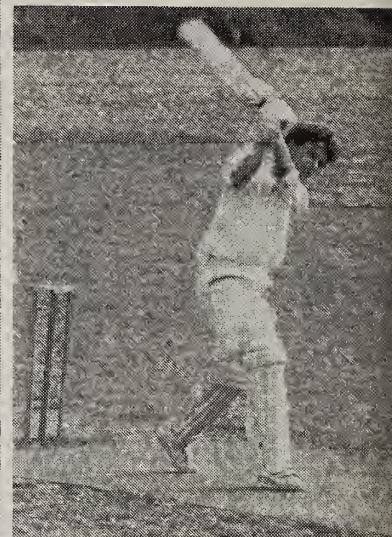
On behalf of all members, I would like to thank both Mr. Shore and Miss Pemberton for the time and energy expended in coaching our teams.

— M.J.D.

# CRICKET



## SALTUS BATSMEN



The cricket season was hampered from the outset by two factors: one, a short summer term. Two, a reluctance by some other schools to play their scheduled matches.

However, despite this, there is a definite improvement in the standard and enthusiasm of Saltus cricket. This would seem to be due to a group of boys from the fourth year down who make up the majority of the school sides whose enthusiasm and basic skill is now being supplemented with cricket knowledge the more they play the game. Along with this has been the constant cajoling and infectious enthusiasm of Mr. Hermann-Smyth as he has demanded only good habits from the players.

The first XI narrowly lost to Whitney and then defeated Warwick Academy before drawing with the Old Boys in the annual classic. Team Captain Brian Morris showed his true worth with an impressive 52 against Warwick Academy that was followed by a 67 against the Old Boys. Devrae Noel-Simmons proved he is going to be a dominating figure on the local cricket scene with some fine batting and bowling – however, he must have been bitterly disappointed with such a short innings against the Old Boys. James Welch showed the true value of “sticking at” a sport as he has had his best ever season. Andrew Clarke showed his potential as his wicket keeping improved with the season, and he must have been well pleased with his 27 against the Old Boys. Michael G. Davis, of the powerful cross-bat is now developing more finesse and scored an impressive 33 against the Old Boys. Derek Joaquin has toiled away to improve his cricket and is now starting to reap the rewards, as his performance against Warwick Academy demonstrated. Wesley Harrison has also had a good season and bowled particularly well against the Old Boys.

Other younger players are helping these at senior level and playing well together in junior teams. Their enthusiasm is excellent and their play is constantly improving. This group includes: Anthony Francis, John Burchall, Andrew Rance, Andrew Bissell, and Shorn Young.

Colours were awarded to: Brian Morris, Andrew Clarke, Wesley Harrison, James Welch, Derek Joaquin and Michael Davis.

Finally mention must be given to the under 13 side. For many it was their first year of cricket. If they can build on what they learned this year as others have in the past, then they should do well in the future, particularly with Mr. Hermann-Smith's enthusiasm and coaching behind them.

– J. Beard

## SOFTBALL TOURNAMENT

In the annual Softball Tournament held in May, Saltus again remained champions winning all three games. This is the second year in a row that the Saltus team have won this Tournament. The team played extremely well in every game and a good time was enjoyed by all.

Scores were:

Crawford	1	Saltus	11
Whitney	2	Saltus	3
Chaffee	2	Saltus	3

In the last two games Saltus did not take their last innings and so although these scores may look close, in fact Saltus won quite comfortably.

Team members were:

James Mason	Brian Morris
Marc Bacon	Russell Dey
Antho Francis	Reed Young
David Mullholland	Norman Timmins
Scott Amos	Andrew Clarke
	Timothy Mahoney

## ARCHERY

The newly formed Archery Club has had mixed fortunes this year. Inclement weather plus conflicting activities have led to all too many cancellations, whilst the inherent difficulty of the sport, once the rudiments have been learned, has deterred the faint hearted.

Nevertheless, fifteen students did persevere and are beginning to show promise, displaying all the signs of good basic form allied to growing confidence. We look forward to them forming the basis of a thriving club next year.



Seamus Pringle loads his bow while the unsuspecting Robin Marirea looks on.

## JUNIOR TENNIS

The summer term saw the start of a Junior Tennis Squad with matches against both Chaffee and Warwick Academy. These matches were a great success and it is hoped to extend our fixture list to include other interested schools next year.

Squad: Triay, Cooper, C. Klein, Cheyne, Dey, D. McDonald.



*The Amazing Aquatics.*

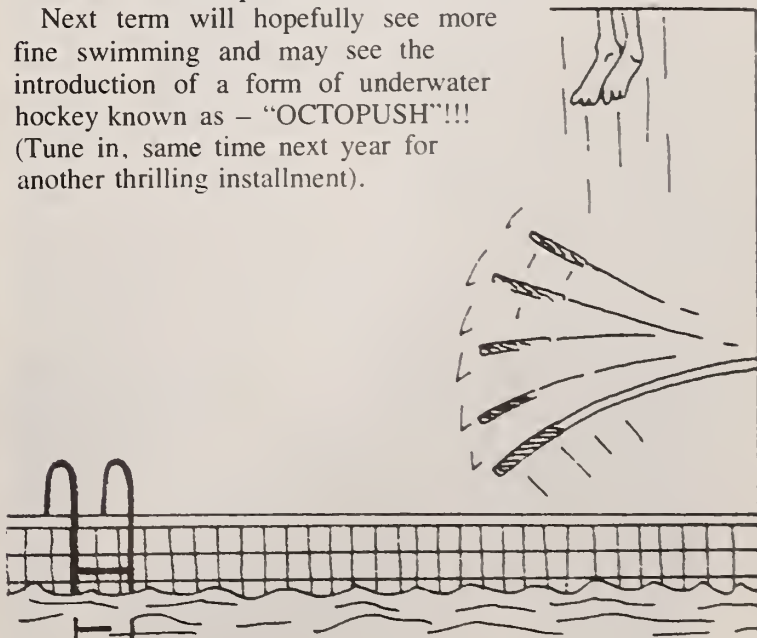
## SALTUS SEA TIGERS

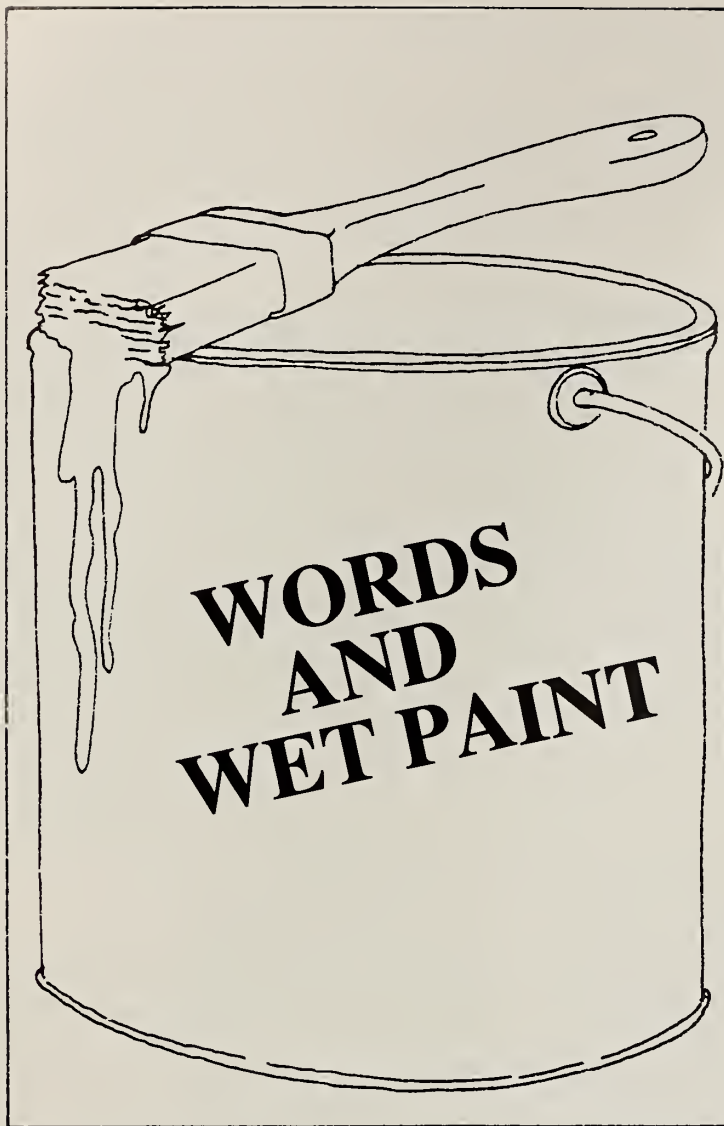
A maturing side of players have continued to frolic in the pool and wet their coach under the pretense of playing water polo.

A hastily assembled senior team proved their worth by easily beating Warwick Academy in an exiting and hard fought game. The junior team have only played one game to date against Warwick Academy and this resulted in a humiliating defeat for the Sea Tigers. After leading for most of the game a penalty of a minute for one of our players, due to the over enthusiastic drowning of a far smaller opponent, enabled Warwick Academy to score a goal and thereby draw. A "sudden death" play off at the end of the game lasted only a few seconds and resulted in a final score of 2-3 to Warwick Academy. It is hoped that this defeat can be avenged in the return match before the end of term.

All of our players are enthusiastic and hardworking but special thanks must go to Patrick Cooper for his excellent work as Team Captain.

Next term will hopefully see more fine swimming and may see the introduction of a form of underwater hockey known as - "OCTOPUSH"!!! (Tune in, same time next year for another thrilling installment).





## Changing Rooms

The steam rises, as the sweet smell of soap and shampoo filters through the room. The hearty cheering, singing and laughing resounds and echoes as water splashes from the showers onto spectators who have just stopped in to congratulate and share the triumph of the team.

The scraps of mud invade the corners of the room as the dirty boots are removed, and all of the used tape, filthy bandages and dirty saturated guards are removed and are dropped into the thin film of mud covering the floor. The room suddenly smells sweeter as the relief of a rub of Ben Gay soothes the aches of tired and battered muscles. A cloud of sweet smelling smoke mingles with the steam as a few of the lads puff in victory on a cigar, while the others remove their jerseys and heave them onto a pile situated in the middle of the changing room amidst the mud and water foaming with soap suds. The white tiles are slowly stained with the red-brown stain of fertile soil. All clothes which are slung over pegs, each clean and different, slowly begin to disappear as a fresh pair of clothes are worn again.

The changing room crowd begins to thin out as the last bottles of beer are consumed. The players pack their belongings and talk enthusiastically about the game. I returned to claim a sock left behind and as I opened the door the last wisps of steam seeped out of the window. The smell of ointment faded and only a few cigarette butts remained with scattered beer cans. The silence was broken,

"Good game, Jeff. How about a beer?"

— Jeffrey Ryall  
Senior Year

## The Strange Object

It was a bright sunny morning and one of those days which you expected to awaken into with the sound of chirping birds and a mother's smiling face, but alas, this was not to be so! Instead, I heard my younger brother screaming at the top of his voice to a flock of birds on the roof, my older brother playing "Boy George" as loud as possible on his four-speakered stereo and a poster of Bob Marley glaring down at me in a most disturbing way. I slid out of bed and groaned; I then crawled into the bathroom and, after a few minutes, was feeling more like myself.

As always, I began my day by climbing into my favourite tree and by scanning the area: Mrs. Johnson picking flowers, Mr. Tucker painting, and then, as I came across the sea, I noticed something which immediately caught my attention. It was a small, dark object which seemed to keep bobbing up and down with the waves. I leaned forward and further forward until I could just about see what it was. Suddenly, I heard my father's loud voice telling me that if I didn't get down within fifteen seconds he'd do one of those things which would hurt him more than me.

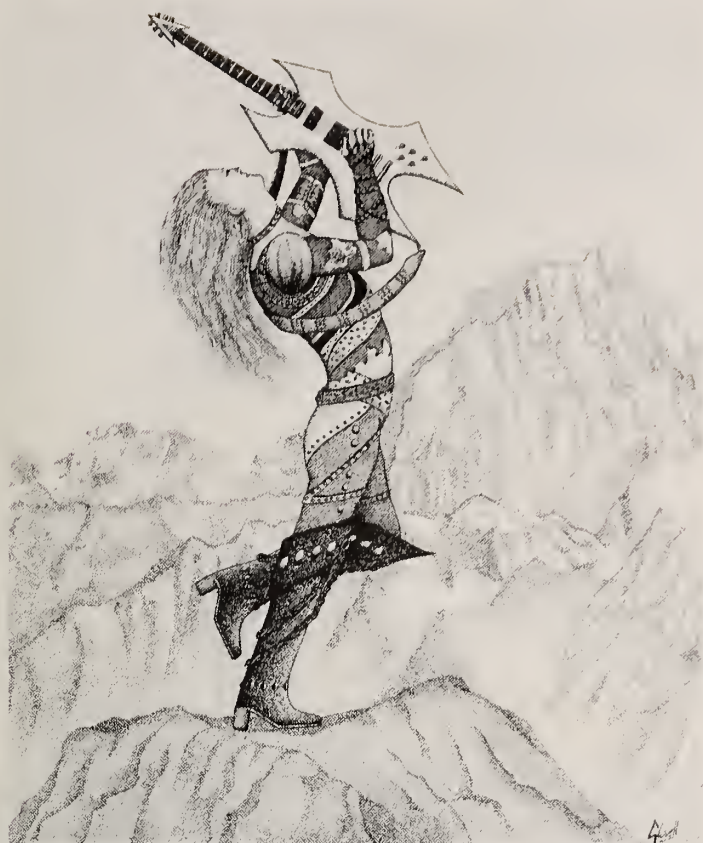
During the next two and a half hours I cleaned my room, finished my homework and cleared my garden. However, I never forgot the strange object and at regular intervals I would check its advance with the incoming tide. Soon, all kinds of ideas were coming into my head, among them were: it was a dead body, a nuclear submarine, a UFO or a lost sea monster. Finally, it seemed close enough for me to obtain. At last I would know what it was!

I rushed down to the beach with my net and fishing rod ready and almost bursting with excitement! But, as I pushed through the trees, I saw the object of my journey... an old, rotting coconut. In disgust I picked it up and hurled it back into the sea, and it once more began its lonely travels.

— Robin Smith 1J

*Scratchboard Picture by Christina Douglas, Senior Year*





*Rock Star by Gregory Lovell, Form 4R*

## The Rock and Roll Singer

The spotlight cuts through the darkened stadium to illuminate a small, frail looking figure bathed in sweat. As if in a trance, the figure begins to shake and prance, eyes closed, head constantly bobbing to the ear-shattering rhythms escaping from his battered guitar. Suddenly, a chant begins to fill the arena, and the figure on stage begins to move even faster, as if drawing energy directly from the crowd's chants.

Dressed in a schoolboy's jacket, shorts and tie, he is a sight unique to the world of rock and roll: a one man guitar army. His head swings back and forth, beads of sweat being flicked onto his face and in other directions, looking like droplets of blood in the red-hued light.

Soon the music reaches its crescendo, and his pace quickens, his feet stamping and his head banging to the beat. By now his clothes and hair are plastered to his skin with sweat, as he breaks into a lightning-fast, burning guitar lick. His teeth are gritted like a vice as he feels his powerful yet agile fingers dance across the six strings of his "heavy metal" weapon.

The crowd is on its feet, clinging to every note he plays. He moves out to the front of the stage, rips off his shirt, jacket and tie, and, now bare-chested, his head moving even faster, he leaps into the air with his legs split apart. Whilst still playing his guitar, he holds his dramatic poses a split-second longer before his feet touch the stage floor once again. then, he falls onto his knees, throws his head backwards, arches his back, holds his bright white, flying "V" guistar high above his head and drills a final, saluting, searing riff into the spell-bound audience.

– Gregory Lovell Form 4R

## Shadows

Shadows, dark and menacing, stretch out eerie fingers to grasp me. Sitting in a corner, I watch them as they slink across the worn, wooden floor. Everything they touch is chilled. Bright colours are made dark and dull. The shadows are lengthening, signifying night, and night is terrifying; I can survive this place during the day but not during the night.

I am old now and used. I should say I am overused, for the world has no further need for me. I am a burden to my family and my friends. They are kind though, for they put me here for my own good. They said I would be better off and happier here with lots to do during the day. During the light hours, how many I do not know for time means nothing to me now, I painfully roll my chair to the sliver of a window. I look out to see the gardens so vividly and enticingly described in the brochure. The sign, newly painted is surrounded by the lush, green leaves of the weeds. But, unfortunately, I have little time to gaze at such sights for I must roll to my corner and prepare myself for the bustling activity of the day. After all, at nine o'clock every morning I get to eat the nourishing meal of cold oatmeal. I get plenty of exercise all right, lifting my spoon to my mouth. If I am feeling up to it, I may even roll to the crack in the wall again to admire the view.

The days I can bear. The nights, with all their demons, are terrifying. I suppose I should be grateful for at least I receive visitors at night – even if the menacing spirits are only figments of my ever tired mind. They scare me, though, so I cannot be grateful. I wonder if that is selfish of me?

The shadows have reached the beaten dresser. They are climbing up it, entering every crack on the way. Now the eerie shadows have touched the rose the nurse gave me. The kiss of the shadows was too much for the last quivering petal. The rose has finally died. I wonder if the shadows did it. The rose is lucky. It is so fortunate to be swept into the arms of these soft, inviting shadows. Those death-filled shadows must greet them. Welcome, glorious shadows, hold me close and take me into your world.

– Cherie Amos  
Senior Year

*Portrait by Cherie Amos, Senior Year*





*Scratchboard Cat by Mark Mulally, Form 4S*

## **This Is My Chair**

This is my chair.  
 Go away and sit somewhere else.  
 This chair is all my own.  
 It is one of the few things I possess.  
 And I will insist upon posessing.  
 Everything else is yours.  
 My bed,  
 My stereo,  
 My baseball glove,  
 My pool table, and my cricket bat;  
 You provided them for me.  
 But this chair, I selected for me, and no one  
 Else but me is to use it.  
 I like it.  
 It suits me.  
 You have the sofa,  
 The television,  
 and the video.  
 I don't go and fool with them, do I?  
 Then why don't you leave me alone?  
 And let us have no further arguments!

– Michael Davis, Form 3S

## **The Ruin**

Bleak, grey mist filtered through the gutted walls of the derelict church. There were dark, parasitic vines and shrubs growing up from the gloom between random piles of rubble that were black, still and lifeless. Scattered bricks lay at the foot of the walls and broken strands of plaster hung rigidly from the sides of the arches. It was still possible to make out the structure of the church from the little that remained for the gothic rafters still stood high, looking like ribs, encaging the dusty, gloomy nave. No panes remained in the windows, though pieces of glass were still stuck in the lead frames. A wild shoot had found its way up out of what was obviously the pulpit while weeds and thistles growing out of the cracks in the floor before the alter swayed in the whispering wind. From behind the crumbling pews, through the apertures in the opposite walls, beams of light cut through the mist; the sun was rising on the other side of the hills.

– Jonathan Himsworth, Form 4S



*"Good Morning, Brian!"  
 Photo Portrait by James Welch, Senior Year*



*Bermuda Roof, Scratchboard by Judith Keyes, Senior Year*

## **The Classic of the Year**

1. Henry the Eight wanted to divorce the Pope and start his own religion.
2. Henry the Eighth could not get a divorce from the Pope.



*Chelsea!* by Jonathan Himsworth, Form 4S

## Gambling

The floor of the casino was crowded with people and there was a constant buzz of conversation floating about the large hall in which the tables were located. The men and women all were images, identical but for one. He was conspicuous but for one thing; he was attired in the same fashion as the others, a black tuxedo, white shirt and a black bow-tie. His hairstyle was not unusual and there was nothing apparently out of the ordinary in his character save for the amount of money he was winning.

He had circulated around all the tables: craps, baccarat, roulette; he had tried his hand at the slot machines before settling at the blackjack table. He had not won a phenomenal amount of money at the baccarat and roulette tables and he had even lost at craps, but he had won consistently at blackjack.

All but one at the seven seats at the table had been occupied when he arrived and he had immediately occupied that seat. He began winning on his second hand. For the first few hands the others remained at their seats but once it was acknowledged that he was on a streak, they gradually left their places and crowded around him. Those seats were to remain empty for over seven hours.

He started playing just one hand at a time, always placing the maximum bet allowed, five hundred dollars. But as soon as he had amassed a reasonable sum, and the table had been cleared, he branched out to play two, and then three hands at once; He won consistently at all hands.

Near the seventh hour, the floor manager approached the table and, dismissing the dealer, turned to the player. Casting an experienced eye over the chips he had amassed in front of him, and then at the figure he scrawled on a bit of paper next to the now empty chip rack. Finally he spoke.

"It appears you've got nearly a million owed to you, and another hundred thousand in chips," he said, indicating the formidable stack. "I'm going to make you an offer I don't think you can refuse. Double or nothing, one hand; I deal."

The mass of people behind the player gasped. Such a proposition had never been heard of before in the history of the casino. The player simply nodded in agreement.

The manager took a new deck, shuffled and dealt, one card face down, and then one face up, first to the player and then to himself. Someone near the back gasped. The manager had a ten of clubs, the player a nine of hearts. The player glanced at his hole card and then flipped it over revealing the ace of diamonds.

Solemnly, he said to the manager, "Twenty."

The manager flipped over his hole card, revealing an eight.

The gambler was found the next morning in his hotel room, a gun in his right hand, a hole in his head, and cashier's cheque for over two million dollars in his left.

— Mark Mulally  
Form 4S

## African Scene

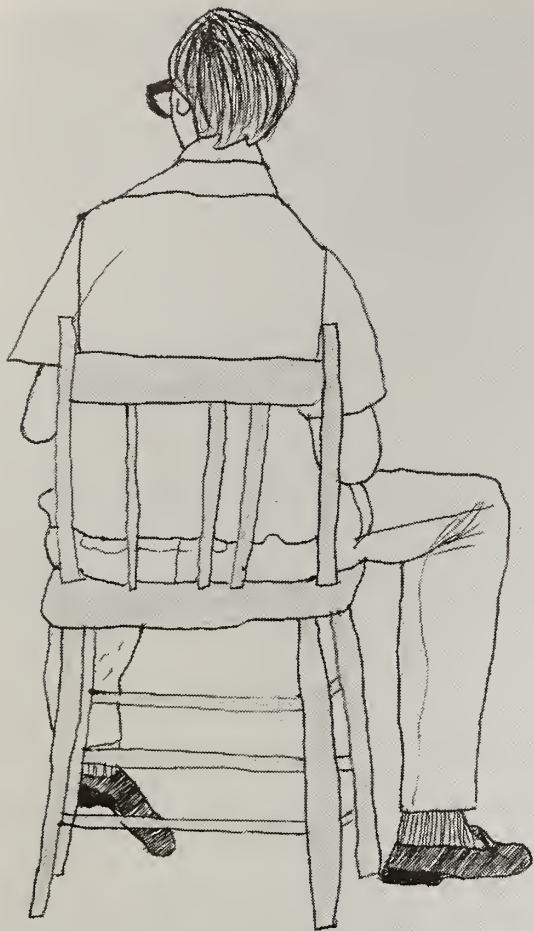
Suddenly, a shot rang out, disrupting the tranquil day. Natives, who were frightened beyond their wits, disappeared quickly and as quietly as snakes. The buzzards, curious, swooped down to investigate but made off swiftly when the boys, waving their sticks high in the air, rushed down towards them muttering incomprehensibly with masks of terror on their burnt, small faces. The whole country side seemed to be equally disturbed. The long grass moved violently with a sudden gust of wind, and the noises and shrieks of a variety of animals could be heard from the surrounding area.

The noises of night animals awakening could be heard as the dying red sun threw its last effort of rays to the darkening, baked ground. Every plant or animal was bathed in red, and the vegetation bowed in the cool breeze to the sun, as if paying tribute to it. The cattle were slowly led away, although there were many protesting grunts from stubborn bulls who did not wish to move at all. The buzzards circled in the air once, and all suddenly became dark, while the first star peeped out of the moonlit sky.

— Timothy Ma  
Form 1J

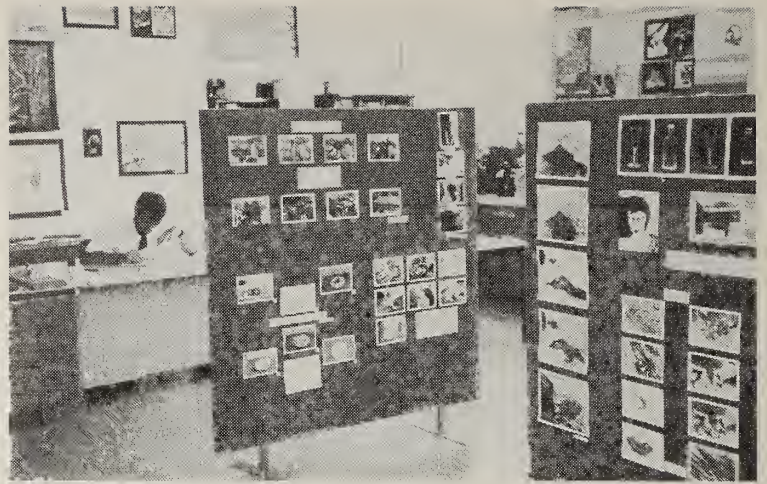


*Guitar* by G. Lovell



*Figure Study by Rowan Sanders-Williams, Form 2P*

*A Bermuda Impression by Judith Keyes, Senior Year*



*On Display! Mr. Evans and part of a display mounted for parents of J6 students.*

### **On The Hills**

The cold stone bit into my flesh and I shivered in the thin wind. To my right, a stream cut into the bulging hill, creating a sharp dip, and the grey, ragged boulders that were left exposed, lay eroding in the wind. These rocks were everywhere, each one identical and each one expressing the bleak lifelessness of the land. They littered the sea of rolling waves; the olive green hills that stretched out in all directions. The uniform grass, an untidy, dull carpet of tough fibres, sparsely covered the hills, but near the peaks the grass stopped and the blue rocks soared threateningly skyward. The murmur of water and the everpresent moan of the wind enhanced the silence and seemed to express the loneliness that was welling up in me.

I climbed to my feet and tiredly moved on. Each new peak and ridge that I gained would leave a bleak landscape of empty fields and grey lakes behind me while in front of me I was confronted with the same: hills and rocks and streams, now in different positions, but all, in fact, the same. The emptiness and loneliness of the Lake District was all summed up in the pathetic cry of the omnipresent sheep.

— John-Paul Skinner  
Senior Year

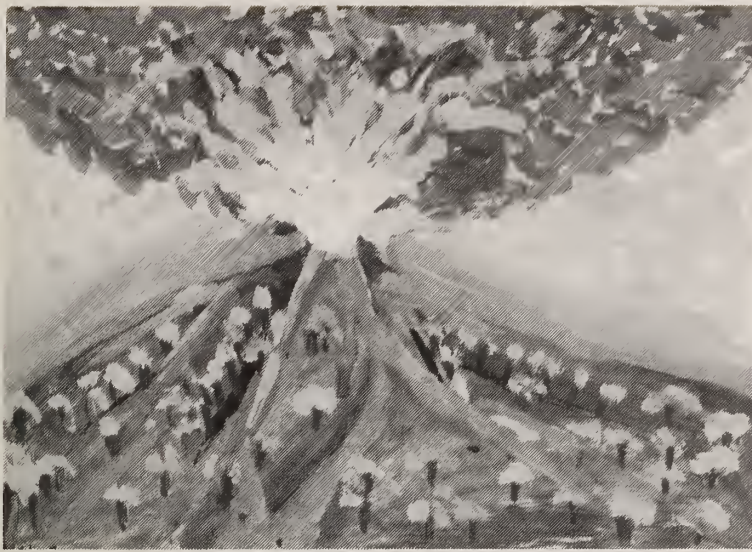
### **Rain**

Small prisms of water burst their fury,  
The sky was covered with booming, black  
Disturbing clouds letting forth their endless hate.  
The ground was now a slosh of mud  
And wet blades of grass bent in the  
Fury of the also present wind.  
Shutters were slammed closed as this relentless  
Drive of furies beat down.  
A solemn drip could be heard,  
Another followed.

It was still falling in sheets all  
Through the night in monotonous delight,  
Morning came drearily through.  
A feeble sun was seen in the clouds,  
It looked as if the sun was an  
Orange ink spot being soaked by blotting  
Paper.

No one came; I went.  
The rain still beat down on the  
Roots that were in its path.  
The night's darkness closed in.  
The rain grew light and finally ceased.

— James Davies  
Form 2P



*Volcano by Mark Nash, Form 1J*

## Waves

The unattainable has been attained  
 The unapproachable approached.  
 We surge toward goals never before even dreamed of,  
 The pyramid of knowledge is ever increasing.  
 Yet at this height of discovery  
 At this pinnacle of success,  
 We have never before been at such a low.  
 Caught up in the fast flowing tide of progress,  
 The values of society have been drowned.  
 They are dead and gone; left to the mercy of  
 the waves of change.  
 There is an air of urgency swirling above these rapids,  
 All must have all – immediately – without thought  
 or deliberation  
 The solid bases of our culture are being eroded away,  
 Constantly plucked at by the Tide of Progress.  
 Frantically, we grab at the remnants of our culture  
 as it gets washed away in time.  
 We piece them back together – awkwardly.  
 The result? An unstructured mass of confusion.  
 With nothing to stand on, with nothing to hold our  
 heads above water,  
 We grasp at meaningless things, things to give  
 us quick satisfaction and enjoyment.  
 We take these meaningless things and build them  
 into these sensational...  
 Quick! Hurry! Fast!  
 Do as others do! Follow where you are lead!  
 Ask no questions and you be safe from dread!  
 Speak! Hear! See! Do only this or only that!  
 We are better as one, so join the mass!

The mass is swept up and dashed against rocks,  
 Wave after wave pounds it,  
 Finally, the rapids reach the cool, soothing sea.  
 But what is left?  
 Society, the mass? All is broken up.  
 Knowledge is all that is left.  
 With a few individuals who survived the storm  
 Left alone,  
 To pick up the pieces,  
 And start again...

– Cherie Amos  
 Senior Year

## Streets

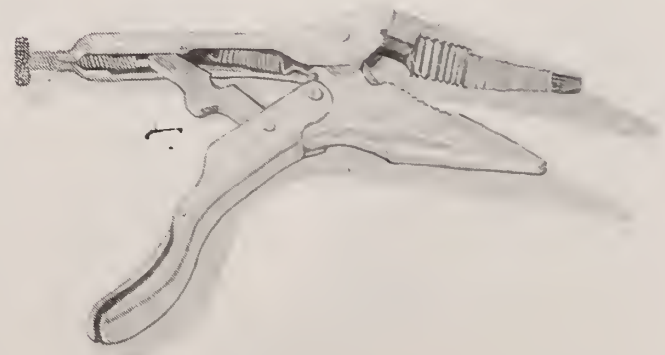
The street lights cast a warm and yellowish glow, which pervaded the air and infused the crowd, shops, buildings and stalls with life. All around, the low raucous chattering of the crowd fell soothingly on the ear; shouts, laughs and bickering blending into a continuous stream of noise which was pleasantly harmonious. The mass of people strolled unhurriedly through the streets, each person following his own individual path but unmistakably a part of the whole. Colours, movements, lights, sound – all merged smoothly in the still night air.

Nearby, a young child wailed passionately for his mother while across the street a grey-haired and ragged old man called out his wares in a tired and hoarse voice. On the pavement were spread mats with small items for sale. From the jeweller's window there radiated soft beams of light, gold tinged with velvet.

– Sandy Ma  
 Senior Year



*A.P. Concentration, Illustration for the Aeneid,  
 A. Cannonier, Form 5H*

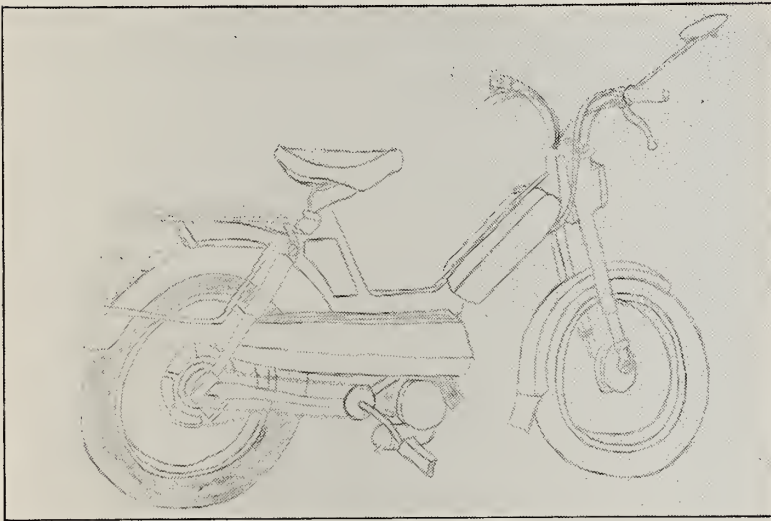


*Pliers by Patrick Caton, Form 5H*



*The One That Didn't Get Away! by Jason Jones, Form 3S*

*Bike: A line drawing by Bryan Adams, Form 1B*



### **The Rain**

She stood at the clothesline, pinning away  
 When the sun disappeared. She happened to look  
 Up at the wintry sky.  
 Steel-grey clouds were everywhere, stealing  
 That life-giving disk, making the day  
 Cold.  
 She rushed at the line, the clothes gone in a  
 Flash, as a few lone drops fell on her work-bent  
 Back.  
 She raced once again, to get to the door.  
 A thunder clap, the clouds released their  
 Watery burden.  
 She sat on her bed, staring at the trees,  
 Reds, greens, browns, saturated by the storm.  
 The rain hit the window, pip, pip, pip!  
 Saving hard work as the dust rolled away.  
 Hours passed, the day rolled on, seemed  
 Almost an eternity before the torrent  
 Calmed.  
 She walked outside, unaware of the  
 Flood, as her bare, forlorn feet squished away in  
 The mud.  
 Her eyes to the sky, fingers lost in her hair  
 When she noticed a fresh, clean smell  
 Lingered still in the air.  
 The day was gone, she started to cry.  
 "Well, at least the tank's full," she said  
 With a sigh.

– Marc Harrison  
 Form 2P

### **In The War Zone – A View of Two Worlds...**

We live our lives,  
 They exist inside theirs.

We have hope in all our tomorrows,  
 They are grateful to see the sun's down.

We have a school to attend,  
 They have a pile of rubble where theirs used to stand.

We have clothes on our backs and food in our mouths,  
 They wear rags and rummage through trash.

We have money at hand and credit on call,  
 They have no conception of material wealth.

We play games and dodge kickballs,  
 They survive and dodge bullets.

We are intent on searching for eternal happiness,  
 They find solace in a restful night's sleep.

Our fathers bid us goodnight,  
 Theirs have long since been dead.

Our world is an eternal paradise,  
 Theirs, a shattered homeland of despair.

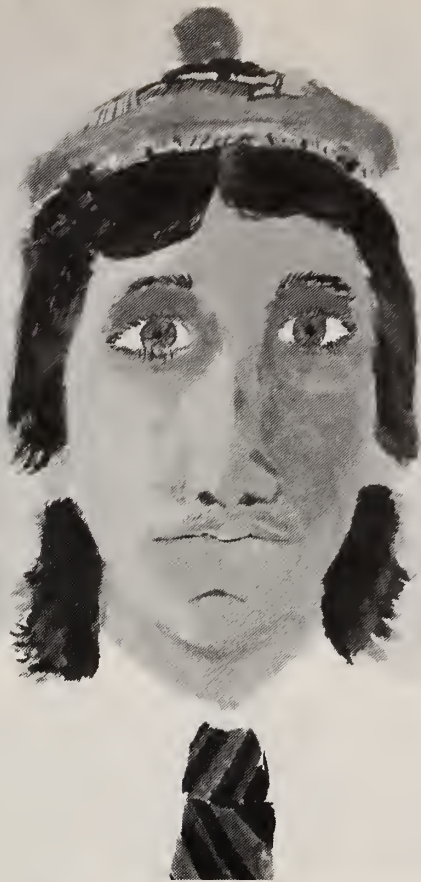
We are blessed, though we don't see it,  
 They are stricken, torn and hungry.

Peace is our anthem.  
 War is their cry.

– Robin Hamill  
 Senior Year



*Executioner by Gary MacPherson, Form 5D*



*Self Portrait by Ken Dallas, Form 3S*

## Cross Country

I knew it would happen,  
 Some time or another.  
 It couldn't be put off any longer,  
 The dreaded cross-country.  
 "Just go up that hill, turn right,  
 Run along the road, turn into the church  
 And run into school. Simple!"  
 Translation: "Climb the mountain, jog several miles,  
 Walk round the bend, crawl through the graveyard,  
 Drag yourself into the school, collapse."  
 "Here we go, I'm tired already.  
 I'm dripping wet. I can't see!  
 Where is everybody?  
 They must have gone ahead.  
 I'm probably lost.  
 What did I ever do to Mr. Beard  
 I've got to the church.  
 Even my toes hurt.  
 I'm at school; I think everybody's gone home.

"Well, I'm still alive, I think!  
 I'm thirsty, licking my sweat doesn't do much good,  
 I'd better shower.  
 I can't get my shirt off my head.  
 I think it's stuck, I gotta keep calm.  
 I guess I can spare my hair if I rip my shirt off.  
 I'm dizzy.  
 I keep trying to get to the shower and I keep ending up in  
 The gym.  
 I suppose I should walk towards the gym,  
 It worked, I'm in the shower.  
 I have just enough strength to turn the tap.  
 Maybe I could drip dry,  
 No, I don't want to miss English.  
 Problem number six, how am I going to get up the stairs?  
 I don't think I'll bother.

– Dominic Harvey  
 Form 1B

## Along the Seashore

The sun glints on the tranquil water as it laps gently against the rocks. the water and the seabirds provide the only sounds, but there are none of the raucous calls of Herring Gulls, only the mild chattering of the Sandpipers as they scurry amid the tide pools.

The water in the pools is glassily flat. The pools' occupants wait patiently for the tide to rise and to provide them with a chance to explore further – but they will return to the sanctuary of the pools before the next low tide. Small crabs dart about on the rocks, stopping now and then to pick at the mass exposed by the unusually low water.

There is the sound of children laughing in the background as they pass by on their way to the beach. A parrotfish, striving to reach the verdant algae high up on the rocks, pokes its head out of the water and the sun reflects, for an instant, off its royal-blue snout.

Here and there, amid the algae and seaweed, which droops along the tideline, colonies of amphipods – small jumping crustacea – grolic, enjoying the shade which these plants provide. Also enjoying the shelter is a Bleeding Tooth, a common snail to be found on rocky shorelines.

Gradually the rocks give way to a small sandy patche – not big enough to be called a beach – then they start to rise again. The water pulses slowly up and down the beach, and as it recedes, it washes away the top layer of sand, only to replace it on its next journey. In the pauses in between the "waves", however, the sandy patch is a flurry of activity as mole crabs contrive to bury themselves deeper in the sand so that they might not be exposed next time.

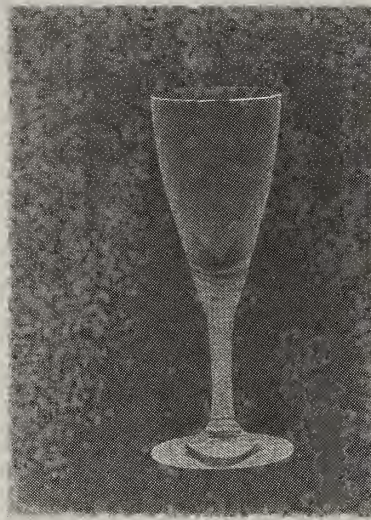
The only object on the beach is a rare find – a perfect hand-blown glass float. It has been there a long time, for it half-buried in the sand, so I leave it, and turn my attention back to the mole crabs. I try to catch one, for they are harmless, but it is too fast and it buries itself in the cool, damp sand.

I glance out onto the water and notice that it is turning a beautiful shade of pink. The choir of treefrogs has started its repertoire at some point without my noticing. The sun sinks below the horizon and, reluctantly, I turn and leave.

– Maia Patterson Senior Year



*"Woodlands from the Rear" by Peter Brown, Senior Year*



*Photograms by Thad Murdoch, Senior Year*

### **Alone**

It happened so quickly, so unexpectedly, that Jon's cry was almost instantly cut short as the blackness closed over him. No one knew that the hole was there, and in the twilight no one had noticed it. As he fell, John cried out and tried to break his fall in the way he had been taught, but the effort came an instant too late; his head struck something and darkness swirled over him.

Later on, when he was able to sit up, he had no idea where he was or what had happened. Memory had fled, and he ached all over. He would have shivered with cold, but his thick jacket and trousers and heavy boots kept him warm. He seemed to be in a narrow cleft of broken rock. There were mossy stones around him and just ahead he could make out a bed of ferns where water trickled from a spring. He was thirsty, terribly so. He walked down a hill and saw a small pond.

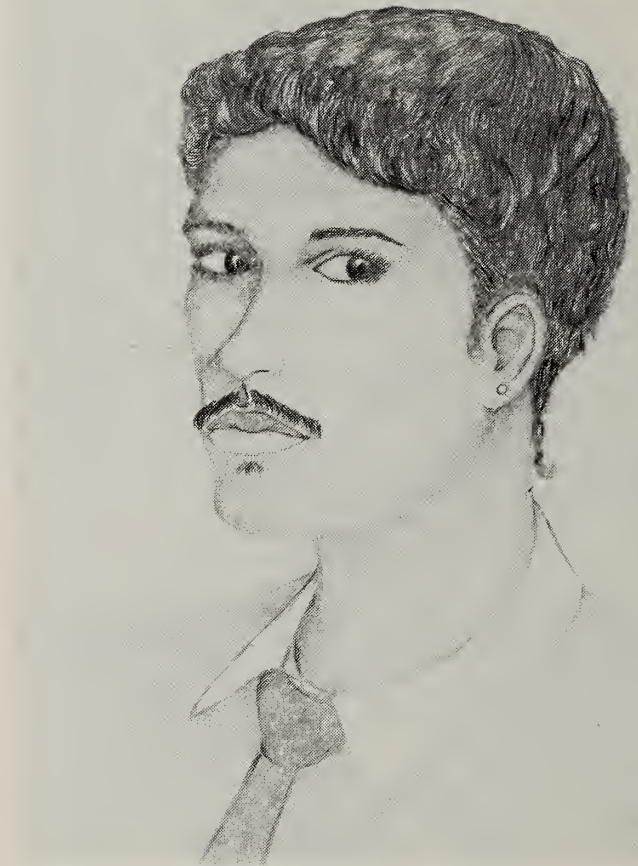
The waterhole he was making for was not far distant from the boundary fence. The creek that formed it flowed in from the higher hills beyond, and when it reached the first open glade, slowed its pace and spread out into a pool surrounded by grass and protected by circles of trees that climbed the enclosing hillside. Tadpoles and hard, little brown beetles flicked and darted in the shadowed depths and birds came thankfully to drink.

As he sat on the bank, Jon tried to establish where he was and how he had reached this wonderfully distracting place.

As the day creatures began to settle for the night, the night creatures began to wake and think of food. All, waking or preparing for sleep, wanted to drink and came first and last to the pool where foxes could not cross the grass unseen and where hawks could not drop unnoticed from the overhanging branches. There was sunlight still, but it had lost its brightness and it was falling in splashes and streaks of yellow from behind the high boughs of the trees. Already there was an alertness in the air... a sense of expectancy.

As Jon settled down for the night he tried to think what his next move would be. As he did so, the birds that came to drink never ceased to watch and to listen. Of all birds that visited the pool, the parrots were the least cautious. They felt, perhaps, as people do, that there is safety in numbers. But even they would fly away, making loud cries of indignation, if they saw or heard anything unusual. He came to the edge of the pool eventually on hands and knees, settled down and waited for what the deepening dusk might bring to the pool.

— Schyler Dowling  
Form 4S



*Portrait by Sabrina Colvin, Senior Year*

### **The Pearl of Peace** *A Fable*

Many years ago, a pearl was lost in the Sahara Desert. It was given to a boy by his father. Not until the desert was crossed did the boy realise that the pearl was gone. The boy and his family could not find it, no matter how thoroughly they seemed to search.

The boy took it upon himself to gather his community together in order to aid him in his search. Still it was not found.

Word spread throughout the land. A reward would be granted to the person who found the pearl. The boy knew his only chance to find the pearl would be to summon all the people in the world and assemble them in the desert so that their shoulders were touching and so that they had only room enough to kneel. Surely if this were to happen, the pearl would be found.

And it was.

— Jill Labberton  
Senior Year

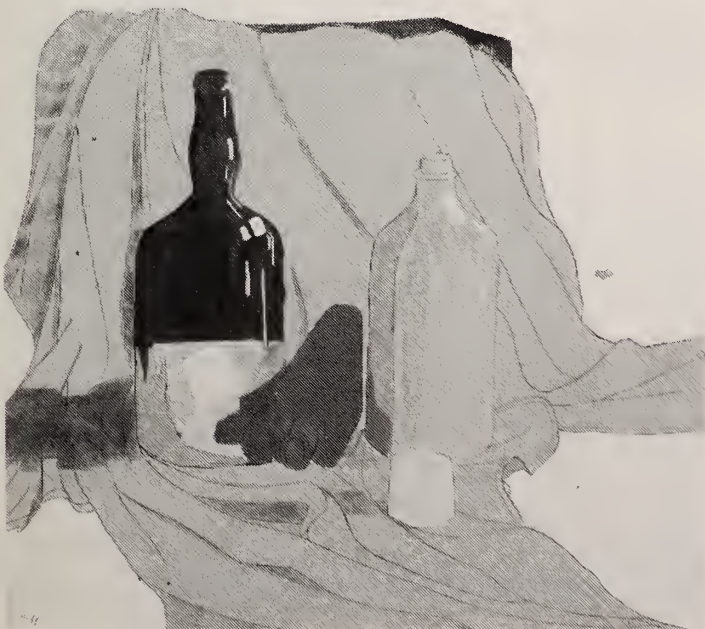


## The Exile

The jungle was thick with green foliage, damp and dense, and steam seemed to rise from the vegetable mass as Kentha scrambled towards the border. He could hear the echoing sounds of the pursuing rifle-men's guns resounding around the valley, and each crack of the shot made him more wary as he leaped from branch to branch, between trunks and over loose boulders. As soon as he reached the top of the ridge, he would be free, and the crest was becoming closer by the minute, but still he was reminded of his pursuers as another blast from a rifle thundered from further down the slopes. Kentha's green jump-suit tore as it caught on a sharp, piercing branch stump when he leapt off a rubber tree. He contemplated fixing the rip and stopped, but then, a bullet whistled through the branches above him and he disregarded the tear and pressed on vigorously, higher and higher, sweat pouring from his greasy brow; the gashes and scratches in his wrist stinging as blood streamed out and dirt and grime got in.

More and more shots rocketed past him now as he approached the crest. The team of gunmen were getting closer and closer. A bullet blasted shreds of bark off the tree right beside him and the fibrous splinters sprayed into his face. He continued until, at last, he reached the crest of the ridge...

— Jonathan Himsworth  
Form 4S



## All At Sea

Everything was silent, everything except the sound of the waves lapping against the hull of the small sailing boat.

A dense fog had settled with the dusk and visibility was down to about ten to twenty feet. Becalmed and out of sight of land, I had lost all sense of direction.

I suddenly noticed the pungent stench of rotting fish. At first, I took no notice of this for I was in the middle of the ocean and such a thing was not unusual. Then, I heard several loud splashes, as if a fish was jumping out of the water in the distance; This was followed by a loud gurgling sound nearby.

More curious than afraid, I peered out into the gloom, hoping to catch a glimpse of the strange creature making these noises. But I could see nothing. For what seemed like an eternity everything was motionless.

Suddenly, something thudded violently against the boat; I turned around in time to see a horrifying, serpentine head rear out of the water. The creature hissed menacingly at me with its forked tongue; I screamed in terror; The creature slid stealthily back into the water. I sat paralysed with fear, staring at the spot where it had disappeared. The sea was motionless once more...

— David Mutch 1J

**T**he rush-hour traffic drowned my voice and I repeated my question.

"Do you know where I can find a telephone?"

"I'm sorry; I can't hear you!" was the reply, so I turned around and moved on. As I strolled along the sidewalk, shuffling my feet to make a rhythm, I spotted a most awkward man walking on the other side. He had small, piercing eyes and a large forehead without any wrinkles. The rest of his face was quite a contrast; creases could be seen everywhere, on his cheeks, on his nose, his chin. Large, crusty lips encircled his mouth; they were obviously chapped. Under his chin and around his upper neck, there were large sags of old skin which dropped like that of a turkey.

The old man used a walking stick, one that was too long for him, and he had to grip it a few inches from the top. His walking was more like a hobble, but I could not tell whether it was the walking stick or some other injury which had caused this condition.

I stopped walking and sat on a nearby wall, just looking at the poor old man. He had a blue-striped, short-sleeve shirt and green Bermuda shorts. Suddenly he stopped, looked around and moved towards a wooden bench. He carefully lowered himself, with the help of his stick, onto the bench. His shorts quickly creased, and as he tried to remove the crease, he turned his left arm, revealing a long scar running down to his elbow.

As he watched the pedestrians and the traffic, he noticed me staring at him, and he frowned. Wrinkles appeared on his forehead. I quickly stood up and walked off, only to see a telephone booth at the corner of the street.

— Bruce Lattyak  
Form 4R

*Still Life by Russell Young, Form 4S*

# THANK YOU

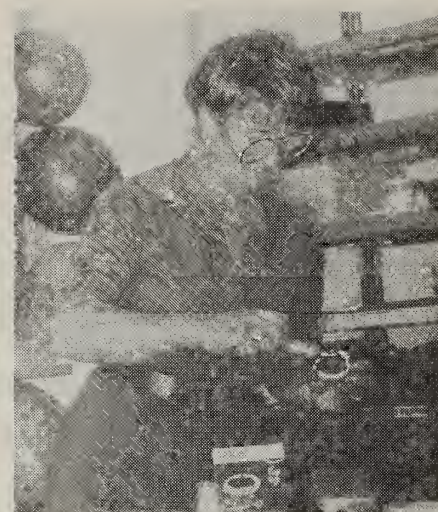
Our Special thanks to some super mums who gave us a splendid Christmas lunch and who work so hard in the canteen at lunchtimes.

A particular "thank you" must go to Mrs. Hilda Young for all her efforts. She has managed and organised our lunch facility for several years now and we shall be very sorry to see her leave us.

*Thanks a Million!*



*... to some super mums!*



*... to Mrs. Hilda Young!*



*... to Mr. Dilar and Mr. Sleeman for the Canada Trip!*

## THE SALTUS ASSOCIATION

Thanks yet again to the Saltus Association which has worked so untiringly throughout the year to raise funds for all three departments of the school. We are very grateful for all that they do for us and we are well aware of the sacrifices of time and effort that are required to make all that they do such a resounding success.

### The Saltus Association Committee

President: Mr. Robin Henagulph  
Treasurer: Mr. Paul Hubbard  
Vice President: Mrs. Diana Peers  
Secretary: Mrs. Joan Davis

Mrs. Louise Charron  
Mrs. Donna Froomkin  
Mrs. Pearl Daisley  
Mr. Ian Clarke  
Mrs. Marnie Marley  
Mrs. Christine Popper  
Mrs. Gail Marirea  
Mr. William Pratt  
Mr. Michael Sommerville

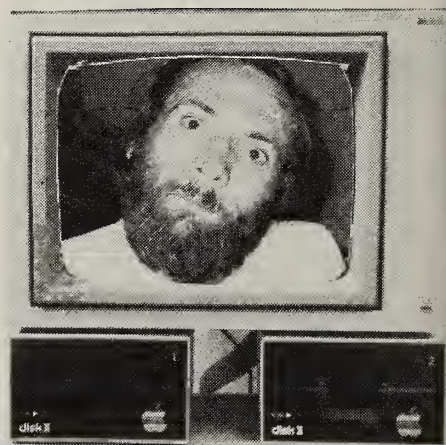
During the mid-term break in February, 19 students accompanied by Mr. Sleeman and myself enjoyed a winter holiday in Canada.

The purposes of the excursion were to introduce the boys to skiing, other winter sports and the cold Canadian winter in general. As luck would have it, we arrived in Hamilton, Ontario during a record-breaking week of very mild weather. However, the temperature did drop enough on Friday night to allow a highly anticipated and most welcome cover of wet, white snow to greet us in the morning.

The boys' enthusiasm was very evident as we tried ice-skating, skiing, tobogganing, and roller skating. We all enjoyed a day at Niagara Falls, the excitement of a hockey game in Brantford, shopping and a jolly pizza party.

Participants were: Christopher Bryan, Joseph DeSilva, Thomas Dunstan, Andrew Farias, Steven Johnson, David Kendall, Bruce Lattyak, Mark Lindo, Mark Mansi, Eric Marchais, James Mason, Andrew McPhee, James Munro, Nicky New, Robert Petty, Corin Smith, Blythe Walker, Andrew Whalley, and Reed Young.

*B. Dilar*



*... to everyone for a splendid new Computer Facility which is certainly well used!*





# SENIOR YEAR REPORT

Although still awaiting the results of Advanced Placement examinations, students in the Senior year Class of 1983/84 can look back over the past months with a justifiable sense of pride in their achievements. Prestigious universities and colleges throughout North America continue to make offers of admission to our graduates, whilst those who opted for the United Kingdom route have received equally favourable responses to their applications. Moreover, on the whole, this year's group have demonstrated a greater degree of maturity and responsibility, those two qualities which are essential prerequisites for success at the higher level. All students should remember, however, that the road ahead is long and that there is no substitute for hard work and determination if they are to fulfil their potential and justify the confidence which has been placed in them by parents and teachers. With many universities tightening, rather than relaxing, their entrance requirements, it is also a lesson which future classes would do well to learn thoroughly at the outset.

As a group and as individuals, Senior Year students have continued to make positive contributions to the life of Saltus and B.H.S. In the classroom, on the sportsfield, and on the stage – to name just a few areas – the value and vigour of their participation was clear for all to see. However, youth did not have its way all the time. Not only did the staff manage to pull off a hard-fought victory in the annual soccer game, but we also still wear our rope-burns with pride after the memorable tug-of-war "battle" on Sports Day. On behalf of all students, I take this opportunity to thank the teachers of both schools for everything they do to make Senior Year such a rewarding and enjoyable experience. It is their efforts, along with those of others who work behind the scenes, which allow the Programme to function smoothly.

As for the future, the prospects for the continued success of Senior Year remain bright. With many more applicants than places available, we should undoubtedly be able to maintain the fine academic reputation we have acquired. Moreover, we are constantly considering ways in which we could possibly improve the Programme we offer. However, one thing remains certain. No matter what changes may take place in the content or structure of Senior Year, we shall always demand nothing but the highest standards from all who enter.

– Malcolm Durrant  
Senior Year Co-ordinator

## Robin Hamill Head Boy

Another school year is now over, but, unlike other years, this June marks the summation of lengthy high school careers for the "Class of '84". More importantly, it marks the beginning of new experiences for us all. The security of a regimented school atmosphere shall be left behind once we receive our diplomas on the night of graduation and we shall embark upon completely new life styles, whether they be at university, in foreign countries by those studying as exchange students, or in the world of work. Whatever happens, one thing is certain: change will occur. It began to occur back in September and it has continued throughout the year with the boys and girls of last summer becoming the young men and women of this.

Senior Year was difficult at times; it was frustrating and it was sometimes tedious, but there has been one constant... the friendship and fun that we have shared with each other. On this note I would like to offer the condolences of the class to the family of Sarah Parsons. Though not actually an enrolled member of Senior year, Sarah was as much a part of the circle of friendship as any of the members of Senior Year itself. She shall be missed dearly and will be remembered always.

On behalf of the class I thank Mr. Durrant, Mrs. Wendes and the staff of both schools for their time, their patience and their knowledge.

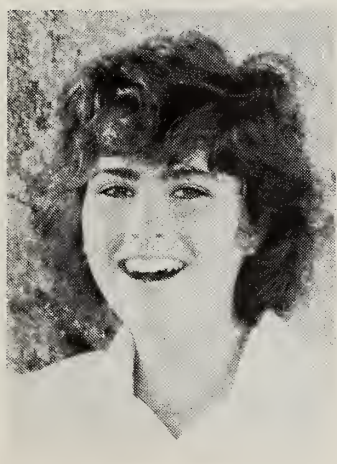
I wish the very best to my fellow graduates and I trust they will enjoy great futures, but in the meantime... Let's party!

# THE GRADUATES OF 1983/84

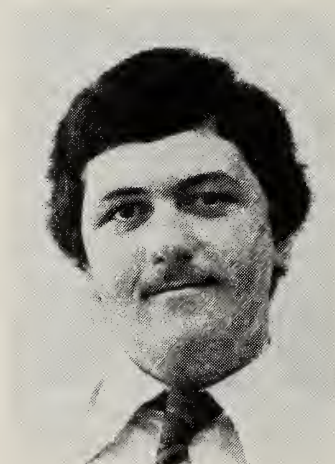
Cartoons appear for those students who failed to submit a photograph for inclusion in the yearbook.



Carolynne Adderley  
*a.k.a. "Mouse"*  
Rotary Exchange: Turkey



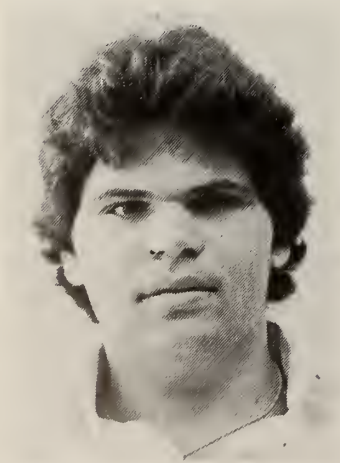
Cherie Amos  
*a.k.a. "Bubblehead"*  
Skidmore College: Art



David Andrade  
*a.k.a. "Ply"*  
Acadia: Science



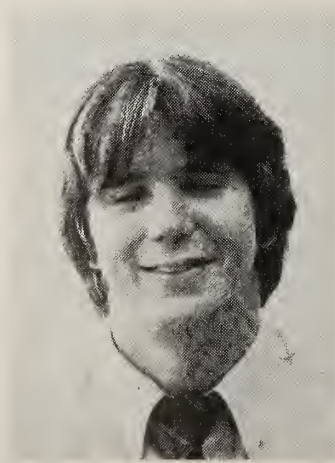
Sharon Barclay  
*a.k.a. "Plump"*  
Trent: Art\*



Gary Brangman  
*a.k.a. "Ewok"*  
Local Employment



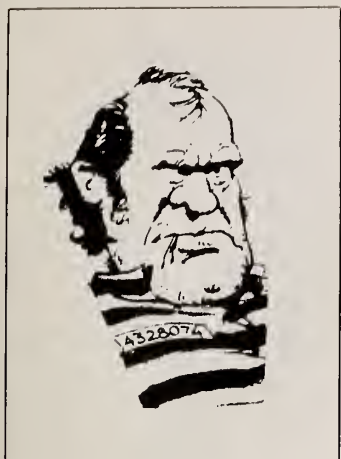
Peter Brown  
*a.k.a. "Grinner"*  
Mt. Allison: Fine Arts



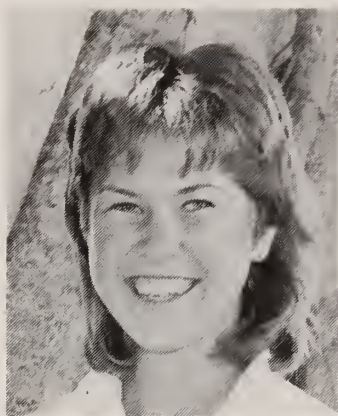
Mark Cave  
Toronto: Science



Belinda Clarke  
Dalhousie or Western:  
History\*



Sabrina Colvin  
a.k.a. "Colvina"  
undecided\*



Alisa Cooper  
a.k.a. "Plumper"  
Guelph: Science



Cristina Douglas  
a.k.a. "Tina"  
Pine Manor: Art\*



Kim Drover  
a.k.a. "Grover"  
Bermuda College\*



Richard Dunn  
a.k.a. "Henpecked"  
Aberdeen: Engineering



Bryan Gibbons  
a.k.a. "J.I.N."  
Mount Allison or Trent:  
History



Paul Golding  
a.k.a. "Duracell"  
Queens: Science



Robin Hamill  
a.k.a. "Lion of Zion"  
Babson College: Economics  
or Pre-Law



Michael Jeffrey  
a.k.a. "Motor-Mouth"  
Western: Business



Astrid Jones  
a.k.a. "Stridlocks"  
Queens: Psychology



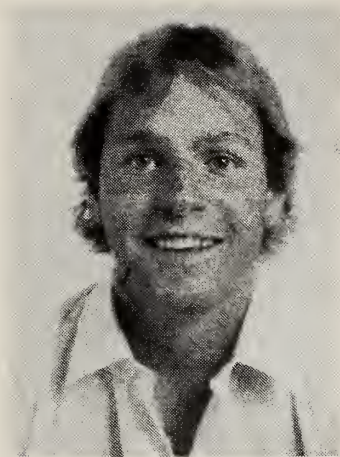
Judith Keyes  
a.k.a. "Dreamer"  
Mt. Allison or Western:  
Commerce



Jill Labberton  
a.k.a. "Jillybean"  
Washington State: Liberal  
Arts



Sanday Ma  
a.k.a. "Mo"  
Wellesley: Science



David Massey  
a.k.a. "Major Tom"  
Western: Arts



Julie Matthews  
a.k.a. "I-Tree"  
Dalhousie or Queens: Arts



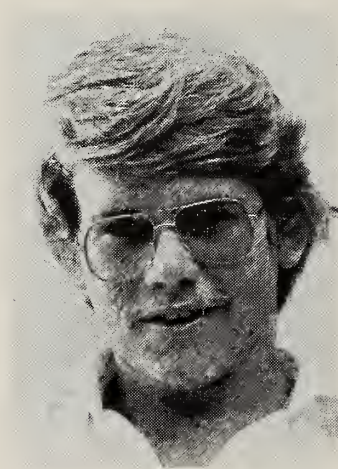
Karen Mawer  
a.k.a. "Angel"  
Western: Business\*



Liam McKittrick  
a.k.a. "Lee"  
Rotary Exchange: Bolivia



Ross Morbey  
a.k.a. "Morbs"  
Atlantic College



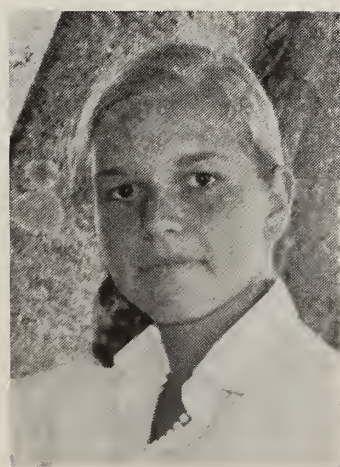
Thad Murdoch  
a.k.a. "Monotone Man"  
Dalhousie: Marine Biology



Charmaine Outerbridge  
a.k.a. "Char"  
Bermuda College



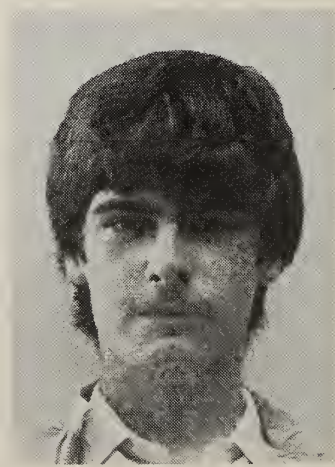
Catherine Paterson  
a.k.a. "Munchkin"  
Grade 13, Canada



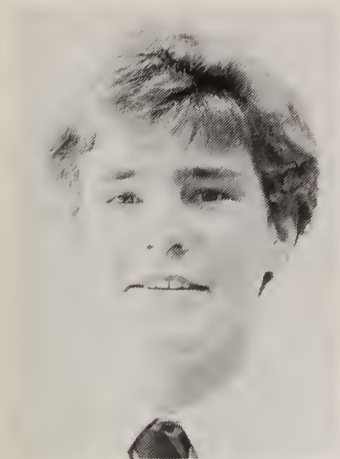
Maia Patterson  
a.k.a. "Mother Superior"  
Audubon Society Expedition



Karin Robinson  
a.k.a. "Swatto"  
Queens: Commerce



Jean-Pierre Rouja  
a.k.a. "Yuk Yuk"  
Mt. Allison or Western:  
Photography



Jeffrey Ryall  
a.k.a. "Calabash"  
New Brunswick: Surveying



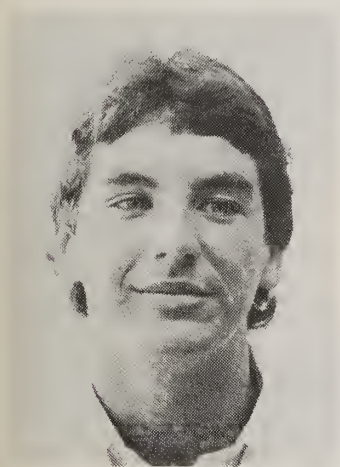
John Paul Skinner  
Dartmouth College: Science



Allister Stewart  
a.k.a. "Dingy"  
Bermuda College



Nicole Stoneham  
a.k.a. "Nicki"  
Dalhousie or Queens: Arts



Robert Stubbs  
a.k.a. "Rupert"  
Rotary Exchange: Equador



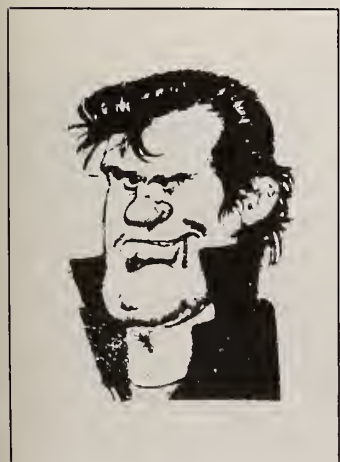
Robin Todd  
a.k.a. "Robin Girl"  
Western: Social Science



James Welch  
a.k.a. "Teddy Bear"  
Dalhousie: Social Work/  
Business



Damion Wilson  
a.k.a. "Special K"  
Local Employment



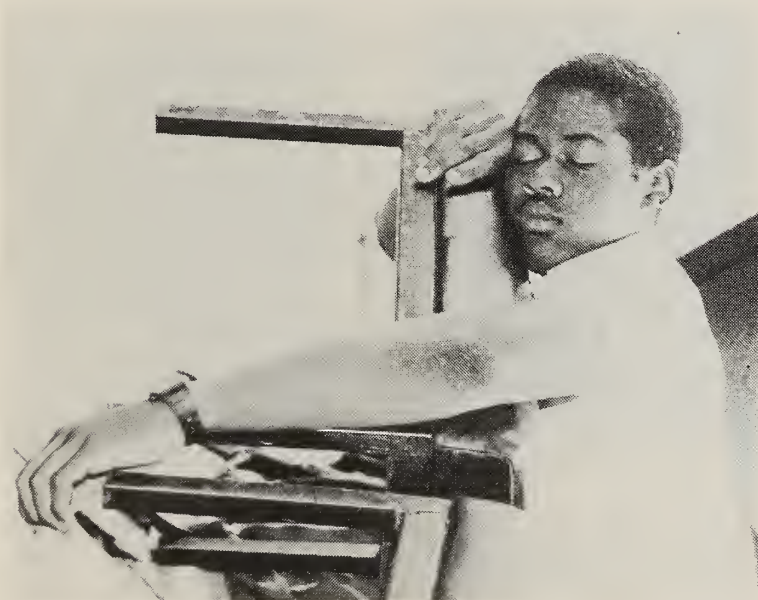
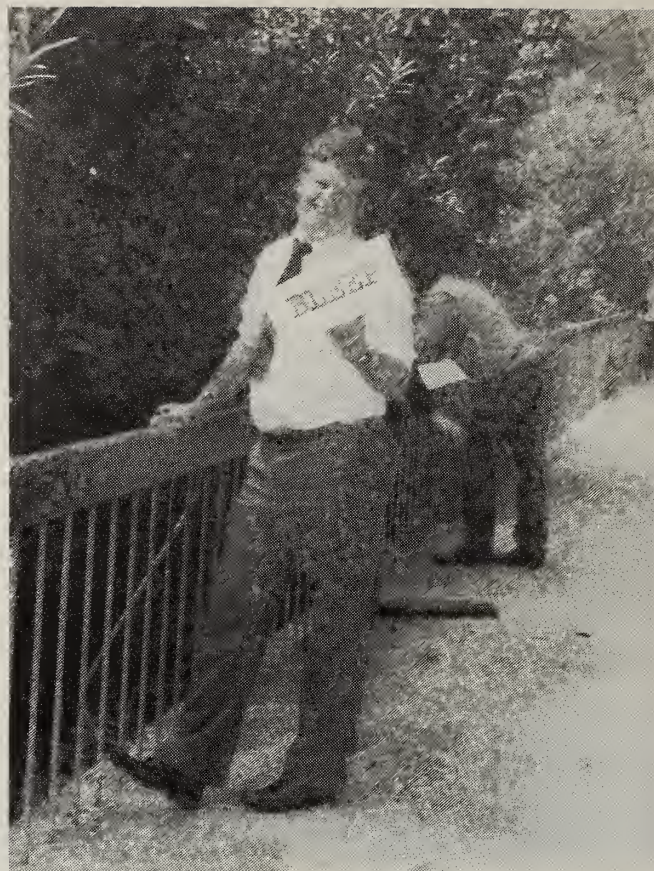
Metta Moragotkriengkrai  
a.k.a. "Metta"  
Thailand Exchange Student\*



# CLASS NOMINATIONS

Most likely to...

<b>Succeed .....</b>	Gary	Sandy
<b>Loose Job .....</b>	Gary	unheard of
<b>Have Kids .....</b>	Liam	Maia
<b>Marry .....</b>	Richard	Kim
<b>Divorce .....</b>	Richard	Tina
<b>Go To Jail .....</b>	Robin H.	Maia (indencent exposure)
<b>Have High</b>		
<b>Blood Pressure ..</b>	Mark	Astrid
<b>Go To Heaven ...</b>	?	?
<b>Go To Hell .....</b>	<b>SENIOR YEAR</b>	



## QUOTABLE QUOTES...

Mr. Kermode: *When the exams are over you can go to Rum Runners... and stay there.*

Sabrina: *Do you want to be corrupted?*

Dave: *Let's count the moon.*

Paul: *I have big bones in my stomach.*

Mr. Durrant: *By all means go out and have a drink.*

Mr. Harrison: *Alisa, have your nervous breakdown quietly in the corner.*

Mr. Connolly: *Richard... shut up.*

Mr. Wendes: *Sit there while I flog myself to death.*

Dave: *I keep running over these megafrogs.*

Gary: *I'm sick of this bull...*

Karen: *Who wants it first?*

Julie: *I may not be skinny but damn I'm sexy.*

Liam: *How much does it cost to get a good mark in the math exam?*

Karen: *I hate multi-choice, I always get the wrong answers.*

Mr. Sleeman: *Sharon's got two null pointers.*

Mr. Hanlon: *Hand in your testees.*

(While playing Trivial Pursuits)

Question: *What means never having to say you're sorry?*

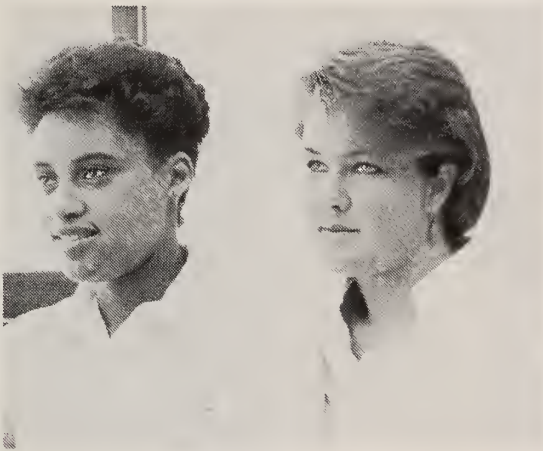
Answer: *Birth Control (Rob)*

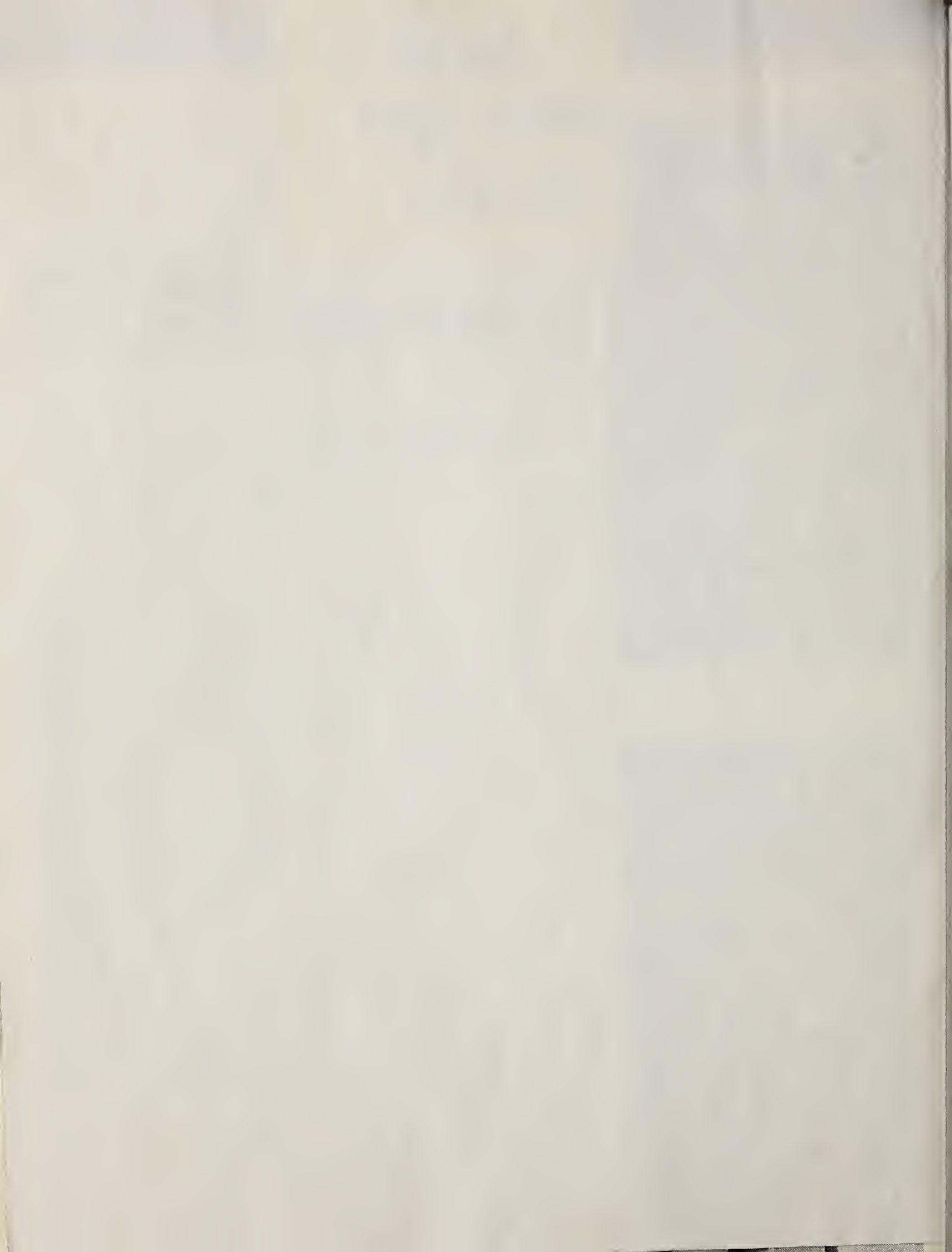
Robin: *Peace, Love and Charity – What a joke.*



# REMEMBER WHEN...

... Mr. Hanlon closed the windows  
 ... The window got broken... by a helmet, right Michael?  
 ... Damion's bike appeared up a tree  
 ... Rick's frozen helmet and Ross's frozen speedo's  
 ... Those play rehearsals  
 ... John's bike "broke-down"  
 ... The checkerboard ceiling  
 ... The speeding tickets – Grinner's, Jean-Pierre's, Robin T's, Mark's, Sharon's, Astrid's, Belinda's, Jeff's, Robin H's, Robin H's, Robin H's... (etc., etc.)  
 ... The first week – boy's separated from the girls  
 ... The ice fights  
 ... Sharon at Rum Runners  
 ... Cherie smiled and got out of a ticket and Robin H. smiled and got a ticket  
 ... John and Dave at Burt's Island in October  
 ... John and Dave at Burt's Island in June  
 ... Dave didn't play frisbee... NO  
 ... Astrid fainted and fainted and fainted...  
 ... Everyone did their week-end Physics homework on the weekend (they did?)  
 ... Dave "hit" Michael  
 ... Jean-Pierre and Carolynne were chased by cops on Laffan Street... and got away!  
 ... Michael couldn't stop saying/singing "Get-back"  
 ... The Chemistry students were on time (really?)





THE

PROBLEM

OF



## EDITOR: N.J.G. KERMODE

### For the Senior School:

Senior Year Liaison: Robin Hamill and  
Cherie Amos  
Sports Section Co-ordinator and Layout:  
Mr. D. Janes  
General Layout: Mr. N.J.G. Kermode  
Literature Co-ordinator: Mr. R. Raistrick  
Sports Photographs and School Artwork:  
Mr. V. Evans

Our thanks to all our contributing  
Photographers.

### For the Junior Department

Mrs. M. Pettit  
Miss E. Wilkie  
Mrs. J. Zuill  
Mr. M. Beasley  
Mr. G. Sutherland

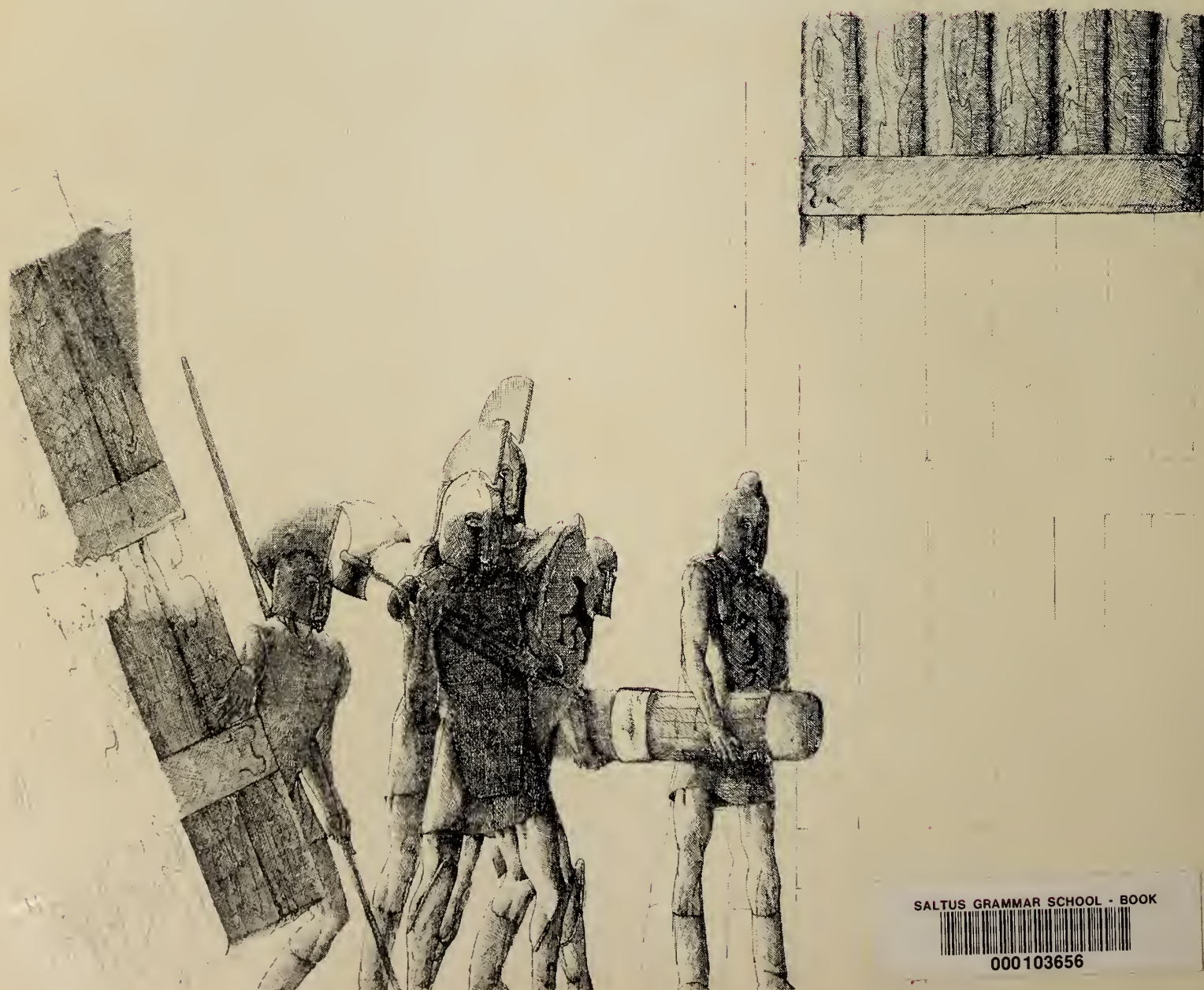
Photographs and Artwork:  
Mr. M. Beasley  
Mr. S. Bainbridge  
The Royal Gazette

### For Cavendish Preparatory Department

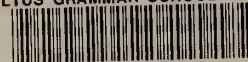
Cavendish Liaison: Mrs. Penny Sampson

And Everyone else!

Both our front and rear cover designs are by  
Antony Cannonier, Senior 5H. Antony's Advanced  
Placement concentration was a series of illustrations  
for "The Aeneid" of which these are two.



SALTUS GRAMMAR SCHOOL - BOOK



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